THE

NEW REVIEW.

No. 11.—APRIL, 1890.

THE FALL OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

"RETIREMENT," when we speak of the retirement of Prince Bismarck, must be understood in the military sense. Men of his age are accustomed to keep in view a few years of retreat from labour, but not men of Prince Bismarck's vigour, or his love of power for the good he believed himself capable of putting it to. It was the hope of the great Chancellor to die in office; and though he might occasionally talk of "cultivating his cabbages," the thought of retirement for the sake of ease never took shape in his mind till a short while ago, when the likelihood of compulsion gave to it a sinister substantiality. To all intents and purposes he was driven from his post; not, however, as so often happens in like cases, by the intrigues of a cabal, and not through the personal antipathy of the reigning prince, as also might have to be recorded. The explanation is to be found, first, in the determination of the Emperor to put his Ministers into their "right places," or what he conceives to be their right places; and next, in Prince Bismarck's refusal to sanction policies which appear to him romantic foolishness, pregnant with mischief of more kinds than one.

That Prince Bismarck was "spoilt," in the nursery use of the word, has some appearance of truth about it, but it is not so true as many seem disposed to believe. His extraordinary successes, his vast ascendency, the presence all about him of the wonderful work of his hands, the respectful dread in which he was held by all the other masters of Europe, the homage that

was paid to him by his Sovereign, the boundless admiration of him and pride in him that animated in a very wide sense the whole mass of his fellow countrymen—all this was very likely indeed to "spoil" a man in whom self-belief was native. But very much on account of this self-belief Prince Bismarck was not the man to be spoilt; and those who look back to what he was before he had any right to claim homage and obedience, and while he was yet unvisited by the exaltations of a success unparalleled since the time of Napoleon, see that the man himself was little changed amidst the triumphs of his after life. Upon a lower and a narrower stage, even upon the lowest and narrowest that he ever figured on, Prince Bismarck was the same audacious and confident spirit as in his proudest days, and with a fully proportionate arrogance. Of course this arrogance—(the word is hardly the right one, for the quality was never so much personal as pertaining to him as representative of country, king, political system, official authority)—was not always in display, nor so much at one time as at another; but its presence was generally to be felt in the neighbourhood of Bismarck's person. Even when, as a young man, he professed Liberal principles (indoctrinated by his mother, who was of the *bourgeois* class and shared its sentiments to the full) it is not to be supposed that he went gently; and when, while he was still young, he entered Parliament, he very soon shed his Liberalism, allowed full play to his natural principles, and gave loose to his strong and masterful temper with such extreme freedom that it made him ridiculous till it began to appear that he was a man to be reckoned with, and perhaps to be feared. Those were his days of Junkerdom; and the violence of his speech stamped him as a Tory reactionary of the most outspoken and contemptuous type. The feudal blood in him was roused to ferment, and it never quite cooled. When, later on, he was employed ministerially, or diplomatically as representative of his Sovereign at the councils where Austria lorded it supremely, the same arrogance came out, sometimes with startling distinctness. But, devoted to the Prussian monarchy, abounding in the old feudal loyalty to the House of Hohenzollern, it was not in his own behalf that he rioted in Junkerdom in those old days now dead and more than half forgotten.

Neither was it to become notorious, to start on a sensational career, or as a means of fixing himself in power, that he "made hay" of Constitutionalism as a Minister of the Crown. That he enjoyed the process, that it was equally congenial to his tastes for sport and his sense of the right and necessary thing to do, cannot be doubted; but the root of his whole conduct was a courageous and patriotic devotion, centred in loyalty to the Hohenzollerns and belief in absolute government. By Bismarck's arrogance and something else—well backed, moreover, by a Sovereign as fearless as himself—many changes were made in the order of things in Prussia before he created an empire for his King to reign in; and it is extremely likely that but for these changes, which were all in the direction of restoring the personal authority of the Crown, no such empire would have been established.

Whether the re-creation of the German Empire under Prussian domination was an original object with Prince Bismarck, or more, at first, than a distant aim that might possibly come within bow-shot in his own time, may be doubted. The purposes he had in view included the aggrandisement of Prussia, no doubt; but before this came the necessary business of more nearly equalling that country with Austria, relieving it of the patronage of Russia, and protecting it against the military aggressions of France. The prodigious success with which these purposes were carried out brought on the grand event of unification under the Prussian King; but there were some that doubted the wisdom of it then, and some that doubt it now. Possibly, indeed, the doubters are more numerous to-day than they were three years ago; particularly in the once independent states, the rulers and people whereof find themselves in an all but helpless position of dependence on an over-lord who is swayed by incalculable impulses, contemptuous of guidance, confident in his most sudden resolutions, and self-sufficient to a degree that nothing in his brief but most eventful history affords warrant for. These, however, may be expected to doubt a little beyond reason, for they have a good deal at risk, both in the way of pride and safety. They never enjoyed the hard-heeled domination of Prussia, and the change from the guarantee of Prince Bismarck's strength, sagacity, and wisdom, to the uneasiness of living under

the random vigour of the young Emperor, is sudden. But what if, looking about him, Prince Bismarck has some misgivings himself?

This is not a political essay, or some very good reasons might be given for supposing that the great Chancellor's mind is occasionally visited by doubts on that momentous point. But as we are concerned at present with the character of the Prince, the wisdom of forcing on the unification of Germany after the conquest of France comes into question. It will be remembered that amidst the hurly-burly of recrimination that broke out upon the death of the Emperor Frederick some extracts from a diary were published, from which it appeared that Bismarck hesitated to bring the other States of Germany under the Empire of Prussia, while it was the then Crown Prince who insisted on it with commanding urgency. On the other side this was denied; and, but for the extracts from the diary, the contradiction would have been thought unnecessary by some who had reason to believe that they knew the Crown Prince's mind on that subject. Take this story for example: the truth of which it would be difficult to question, for that would be doubting the veracity of the distinguished man who told it. Soon after the establishment of the Empire, this gentleman congratulated the Crown Prince Frederick on the aggrandisement of his House. The Prince doubted whether there was really much cause for congratulation. "I rather feel," said he, "like a man who after being congratulated by his steward on the deposit of a handsome sum of money at his bankers, discovers that it is the price of all the timber on his estate—lately cut down." His Royal Highness then proceeded to argue that as Kings of Prussia the Hohenzollerns were more than reigning princes, and had more security and stability than is enjoyed by most sovereigns in these days. For they were not only "crowned heads" and constitutional centres, but the chiefs of a clan, and surrounded with all the devotion of clanship. A prosperous clan, too, steadily advancing in power, strong enough already to take care of itself, and, in its detachment, able to take advantage of every chance in the market for alliances—neutrality alliances or other. All this changed by the merging of the clanship; by entangling the fortunes of the House with those of other States which in effect were clans too, and so different in character as almost to seem of

different race—jealous to the heart of domination accordingly, and strong enough and numerous enough to be dangerously disagreeable if by any series of accidents affairs did not go well. The rest of the argument was an expansion of these considerations, and may easily be imagined by anyone who concerns himself with political affairs.

Now, whether there was any mistake about this conversation or not, there can be no doubt that there was much weight, at the time, in what the Prince was understood to urge. For some years after, however, whatever misgivings may have troubled any mind must have dwindled away with the glories of the Empire; but from the day on which the old Emperor died they began to revive again amongst the more timidly judicious. They are now at their height; and though Prince Bismarck is *not* timidly judicious, and though his doubts may be very slight and occasional, it may well be that he wonders sometimes whether unification would have been resolved upon if the occurrence of the present state of things had been foreseen as only a few years distant. Ten more years of life and vigour for the old Emperor, ten more of both for Bismarck, would probably have been of incalculable value to Germany, and no bad luck for the rest of Europe either. For, amongst other things, it is a total mistake to suppose that either was blind to the ultimate irresistibility of the democratic movement in their own land, or stupidly resolute in opposing it. Resolute to control it, to retard it, to keep it within bounds, no doubt they were; while as for Socialism, as for German Socialism (which is a very different thing from the variety in favour here), that was taken for what it means to be: destruction to the existing social order. But neither the Emperor nor the Chancellor was fatuous enough to keep the cask fast closed till the hoops burst; they would have had discretion enough to manage matters better than that. Bismarck was believed at one time to have been "bitten" by Socialism himself, under the influence of that very remarkable man, Lassalle. Even up to a comparatively recent date some of the more dreamy heads of the Socialist party fancied that the root of the matter was in him still; the truth being, probably, that his communings with Lassalle were more those of a student than a sympathiser, and that

he learned much more than he could possibly yearn to put in practice. But neither as a matter of sentiment or policy was Prince Bismarck ever unfriendly to the working classes. There is a good deal of brutality in him, no doubt, of a certain kind; but indifference to poverty, or scorn of lowliness, is no part of his character. If he has prejudice of that sort, it is prejudice against the small middle-class man, whom he wished to keep in check by handing a large share of political power to the working classes, by means of universal suffrage; for which he has often been blamed since as unwisely premature.

The old Emperor was much of the Chancellor's mind on that subject; but then, as all the world knows, they were in harmony altogether. They were made for each other, the one as Sovereign, the other as Minister; and they were made for the times they were born into. The Emperor's trust in his Minister's judgment was absolute; the Minister's devotion to the chief of the clan was complete; and the one was never deceived and the other never flagged. Sometimes, indeed, and that for long periods at a stretch, the Chancellor's masterfulness was displayed in a most trying manner, if not for the Emperor himself (who yet must have been very uncomfortable, to say the least) for nearly everybody about him. The time of the "Arnim Incident" was one of these. At no period did the Chancellor's formidable temper come out more strongly; and on no other occasion, perhaps, has he been suspected of acting upon personal motive. At that time his authority had yet to be consolidated. Count Harry von Arnim was his rival—an all but acknowledged rival. The Emperor had a high opinion of the Count's merits as a statesman, and he had a strong friend in the Empress, who had already discovered in Bismarck incompatibilities that were destined to become yet more emphatic. It was a ticklish time in France, where Arnim represented Germany. The two men disagreed on a point of high policy, and Arnim ventured to take his own line in a more or less contemptuous, more or less subversive and subterranean way. Haughty reproof on the one side, direct appeal to the Emperor on the other—an act of insubordination which kindled all the Bismarckian fires—and then a long struggle, which, after a violent scene between the two men, and the removal of Arnim from

his post, ended in the Count's destruction by a weapon that Bismarck has employed on various occasions with more success than credit. He published in the newspapers one of those "compromising" documents of which he seems to have a secret store for all men and all purposes. Soon afterwards, Arnim was arrested, clapt into gaol, tried, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The incident is especially worth recalling in this place as a forcible illustration of Bismarck's unflinchingly despotic character, his arrogance, and the audacity with which he sought, and successfully sought, to subordinate the Imperial will to his own in matters of State.* The Emperor was an extremely unwilling spectator of all this; while, as for the Empress, Bismarck did not scruple to complain openly that she was intriguing to upset him, or to declare that he wouldn't have it. No doubt there was a strong party against him at the Court, but he had his own way; and though the Chancellor may not be given to the cherishing of spite (a doubtful matter, however), he obviously enjoyed Von Arnim's disgrace and punishment in a truly vindictive spirit. Prince Bismarck's treatment of Dr. Geffcken, long after, was marked by the same deep hate, which can be lasting as well as deep.

The antagonism that existed between the Chancellor and the Empress—as proud a princess as any in Europe—was firmly established at this time, and it never ceased, though of late years it sank into silence. On her part, nothing could be more natural; for the Chancellor spared her none of the rough candour with

* There was a story in the newspapers, the other day, to the effect that the quarrel between Prince Bismarck and the present Emperor had culminated in this way. The Chancellor had been requested to send in a memorandum by a certain day. He failed to do so. Late at night, therefore, the Emperor sent an aide-de-camp to Prince Bismarck requiring his attendance with the memorandum; upon which the Chancellor replied that he was too old to turn out at that time of night, and would not go. "Not a word of truth in this preposterous story," cried the Berlin correspondents in chorus. "Ridiculous to suppose Prince Bismarck capable of returning such an answer!" The story may not have been true, but there is nothing incredible in the demand attributed to the young Emperor, or in Prince Bismarck's reply. In point of fact, it was not an unknown thing for the Chancellor, when he felt huffed or thwarted, to stay at home with some sort of indisposition, and request the old Emperor to come to him, if business was to be done; and his Majesty made no difficulty in going. He would quietly walk to the Chancellor's, take a seat by the invalid's sofa, do the necessary business, and return without any apparent sense that his dignity had been tampered with.

which he deals with the highest personages whenever it seems to him that the occasion demands its employment. So convinced was he of her Majesty's "intrigues," and so unscrupulous in his determination to track them, that he even went so far as to intercept her private correspondence and read it before it was sent on. That, at any rate, was her Majesty's belief. She is known to have warned her relations that this gross piece of espionage was being practised, complaining of the insult, and enjoining them to take due care. Possibly the Empress was mistaken; but we are constrained to admit that if Prince Bismarck's arrogance was incapable of carrying him to that length, it often carried him nearly as far. Some rather startling illustrations of this statement might be given, if there were no inconveniences in publishing them; as it is, they must be left to "the future historian."

There was a time when Bismarck himself was subjected to extreme annoyance from the liberties taken by some personages with other personages' correspondence. When he represented Prussia in the Diet at Frankfort he strongly suspected that his letters and despatches were overhauled in transit, on behalf of Austrian diplomacy; indeed, he complained of it bitterly. Nor was he the only complainant. Others seem to have suffered in like manner; though whether they were equally ingenious in discovering a remedy is doubtful. On one occasion, after a stormy meeting, Bismarck and the Hanoverian representative, or the secretary of the Hanoverian representative, walked away together; and as they walked, the Hanoverian touched upon this sore subject, asking Bismarck how he managed to get his letters safely through, if he did manage it. "You shall know by-and-bye," was the answer, and on they strolled together, talking of indifferent subjects. Presently the Hanoverian remarked that Bismarck led the way out of the more fashionable quarter of the town into more dingy and yet more dingy byways, and wondered a little but went on. As they entered a street which would be called a slum in London, the Hanoverian observed with attention that Bismarck drew out his gloves, which usually reposed in his pocket; and not only did he clothe his left hand, but, more surprising still, he drew on the right glove also, buttoning each carefully. This done, he looked about him, and, apparently dis-

covering what he sought, advanced to one of the little shops called "general," where the poor provide themselves with tea, bread, cheese, pickles, dried fish, lamp-oil, and many other commodities. "Come in with me," said Bismarck to his friend, after looking through the shop window; and as they entered he raised his voice and continued a conversation of which the Hanoverian did not recollect the beginning. Ruse obvious, as was at once understood. "Boy," said Bismarck, to a dull-looking lad behind the counter—and interrupting his talk to do so—"do you sell soap?" "Yes, sir." "What soap? what sorts have you got?" "This, and this, and here's another," said the boy, putting before Bismarck a variety of strong-scented cakes. "Well, and how much is this?" the diplomatist asked, handling one of the cakes; "and how much this?" fumbling with another. The price named, a piece was selected, and the conversation went on while the soap was being wrapped in paper. Now Bismarck, as if suddenly recollecting himself, plunged his hand into a breast-pocket and drew out an unenclosed letter. Apparently annoyed at his forgetfulness, he cried, "Do you sell envelopes, boy?—bring them out!" Envelopes—wretched things—were produced; the letter was placed in one of them, and asking for pen and ink, Bismarck set out to write the address. But with a monstrous thick glove on, and tightly buttoned up, this was not easy to do. So, flinging down the pen impatiently, he said, "Here, boy; you can write, I suppose? 'Mr. Smith,——'" &c., &c. The scrawl finished, Bismarck took the letter and left the shop. "Now," said he to his friend, when they passed outside, at the same time putting the letter to his nose, "what with the soap, the herrings, the candles, and the cheese, I don't think they'll smell my despatch under that!" The perfect detail of this expedient is highly illustrative of Bismarck's way of doing things.

A temper like that of the Chancellor might have been supposed obstructive to success in diplomacy, if not absolutely fatal to it. But in the various posts abroad to which he was appointed he not only served his master well but made himself popular. Indeed, it is true of him through the whole course of his official career that if (to paraphrase an expression of his own) he knew when to throw in the pepper he also knew when to withhold it. In his intercourse

with foreign Ministers as Chancellor of the Empire he often bore himself in the high and mighty way which he had found so utterly intolerable in the Austrian Envoy at Frankfort, and in the later days of his Chancellorship he even saw no impropriety in handing over an Ambassador to the attentions of a secretary. Yet, for the most part, he was personally liked by the *corps diplomatique*, though ever dreaded for the kind of arts which he practised in obtaining and publishing the famous Benedetti memorandum. Indeed, the fear is shared by everyone with whom he has anything to do; and the practice of these arts is a greater blot on his character than his imperious wilfulness. Still, he is liked. He has plenty of *bonhomie*, the raciness of his conversation is almost as remarkable as anything else about him, and the homeliness of his hospitality is very attractive. Here may be seen traces of his humble beginnings. The rude abundance within open doors, tables groaning, drink flowing, free talk, with laughter in plenty: these, which were the joys of country squiredom when Bismarck was a boy, have their paler counterparts in his household. As a very young man he had to make the best of an impoverished estate, and for some years he lived the life of a country gentleman who has to farm, and buy and sell at the markets, as well as to enjoy the sports of the field. He liked the life, and the habits, tastes, and traditions of it cling about him to this day; the thrift too, which is not the same thing as parsimony. Thanks to the well-earned gratitude of King and country —and in some measure to an accumulation of offices with salaries attached—Prince Bismarck is now a rich man; but nothing but good management could have kept him well afloat before the unification. The profits of his patrimony were small, and the pay of Prussian officials when Bismarck began his career was almost ridiculously low. As Prussian Prime Minister he received about half the salary of an Under-Secretary in England. In youth he led a roaring wild life, drinking deep, feasting like a young boar in a forest of chestnuts, and with little delicacy in other enjoyments. But he had no sneaking vices; like Lord Beaconsfield, he kept clear of "entanglements" all his life, and the excesses of his youth passed without doing the least injury to his character. It was late, however, before he attained to complete sobriety of demeanour. When

he was a man of mature age and high official standing he could easily break out into roystering pranks of the university student. The feasting and the drinking continued, and were always a pride as well as a pleasure. He has a complacent delight in his capacity for the enormous dinings and the prodigious drinkings that feed the forces of his frame. They are hereditary; they are characteristically Bismarckian, he fancies; and they are the signs of abnormal animal vigour and a vast give-and-take vitality. And this it is, no doubt, that distinguishes Prince Bismarck from every other great man of his kind. When we look back on his career, and view him now as he stands, broad and tall and erect, we see that he was a splendidly fine animal to begin with, as to the visceral and muscular parts of him; and next, that he was topped by a great brain, harmonious in itself, and harmonious with all the rest of his corporal estate. The main general products of the combination were fearlessness and that rare kind of spirit which is never daunted by magnitude. Whatever his position, his reputation, his history, no man was great to Bismarck till he had personally measured him. The mere magnitude of a task or of a project never concerned him in the least. Vast consequences might come into view, but the vague alarms which vastness alone brings to many minds brought none to his. Europe turned inside out like an old stocking would have given no disturbance to his vision, if the process seemed profitable. This is the foundation of Bismarck's character, as it was of Cromwell's; in whose case, however, it rested in turn on religion, while in Bismarck's it rests on nought but the harmonious components of that splendidly forcible creature, himself. Nothing seems to have been omitted from them that was necessary to the business and the grandeur of his career. Humour in abundance; imagination at once subtle and bold, and as apt to employ itself assiduously on little things as daringly on great—these qualities have been of enormous service to Bismarck: while most of the men whom he had to deal with or dispose of have had but a very small share of them. He is, beyond comparison, the most original as well as the tallest and most forcible figure in modern statesmanship; and to suppose that he can be removed from the political system without disturbance to it is altogether unreasonable.

THE SUNLIGHT LAY ACROSS MY BED.

PART I.—HELL.

IN the dark one night I lay upon my bed. I heard the policeman's feet beat on the pavement; I heard the wheels of carriages roll home from houses of entertainment; I heard a woman's laugh below my window——and then I fell asleep. And in the dark I dreamt a dream. I dreamt God took my soul to Hell.

Hell was a fair place; the water of the lake was blue.

I said to God, "I like this place."

God said, "Ay, dost thou?"

Birds sang, turf was by the water edge, and trees grew from it. Away off among the trees I saw beautiful women walking. Their clothes were of many delicate colours and clung to them, and they were tall and graceful and had yellow hair. Their robes trailed over the grass. They glided in and out among the trees, and over their heads hung yellow fruit like drops of melted gold.

I said, "It is very fair; I would go up——"

God said, "Wait."

And after a while I noticed a fair woman pass: she looked this way and that, and drew down a branch, and it seemed she kissed the fruit upon it softly and went on her way, and her dress made no rustle as she passed over the grass. And when I saw her no more, from among the stems came another woman fair as the last, in a delicate tinted robe; she looked this way and that. When she saw no one she drew down the fruit, and when she had looked over it long she put her mouth to it softly and went away. And I saw other and other women come, making no noise, and they glided away also over the grass.

And I said to God, "What are they doing?"

God said, "They are poisoning the fruit."

And I said, "How?"

God said, "They touch it with their lips, when they have made a tiny wound in it with their fore-teeth they set in it that which is under their tongues; they close it with their lip—that no man may see the place, and pass on."

I said to God, "Why do they do it?"

God said, "That another may not eat."

I said to God, "But if they poison all then none dare eat; what do they gain?"

God said, "Nothing."

I said, "Are they not afraid they may themselves bite where another has bitten?"

God said, "They are afraid. In Hell all men are afraid."

He called me further. And the water of the lake seemed less blue.

To the right among the trees were men working. And I said to God, "I should like to go and work with them. Hell must be a very fruitful place, the soil is so verdant."

God said, "Nothing grows in the garden they are making."

And we stood looking; and I saw them working among the bushes, and they dug holes, but in them they set nothing, and when they had covered them with sticks and earth each went a way off and sat watching from behind the bushes; and I noticed that as each walked he set his foot down carefully, looking where he trod. I said to God, "What are they doing?"

God said, "Making pitfalls into which their fellows may sink."

I said to God, "Why do they do it?"

God said, "Each thinks that when his brother falls he will rise."

I said to God, "How will he rise?"

God said, "He will not rise."

And I saw their eyes gleam from behind the bushes.

I said to God, "Are these men sane?"

God said, "They are not sane; there is no sane man in Hell."

And He called me to come further.

And the grass seemed duller than it had been, and I looked where I trod.

And we came where Hell opened into a plain, and a great house stood there. Lovely pillars upheld the roof, and white marble steps led up to it. The wind of heaven blew through it. Only at the back hung a thick curtain. Fair men and women there feasted at long tables. They danced, and I saw the robes of women flutter in the air and heard the laugh of strong men. What they feasted on was wine; they drew it from large jars which stood somewhat in the background, and I saw the wine sparkle as they drew it.

And I said to God, "I should like to go up and drink too." And God said, "Better wait a little." And I saw men coming in; they lifted the corner of the curtain at the sides and crept in quickly; they let the curtain fall behind them, and they bore great jars they could hardly carry. And the men and women crowded round them, and the new-comers opened their jars and gave them of the wine to drink; and I saw that the women drank even more greedily than the men. And when others had well drunken they set the jars among the old ones beside the wall, and took their places at the table. And I saw that some of the jars were very old and dusty, but others had still drops of new must on them and shone from the furnace.

And I said to God, "What is that?" For amid the sound of the singing, and over the dancing of feet, and over the laughing across the wine-cups I heard a sound.

And God said, "Stand a way off."

And He took me where I saw both sides of the curtain. Behind the house was the wine-press where the wine was made, and I saw the grapes crushed. I said, "Do they not hear it?"

God said, "The curtain is thick; they are feasting."

And I said, "But the men who came in last?"

God said, "They let the curtain fall behind them."

I said, "How came they by their jars of wine?"

God said, "In the treading of the press these are they who came to the top; they have climbed out over the edge, and filled their jars from below, and gone in to the house."

And I said, "If they had fallen as they climbed——?"

God said, "They had been wine!"

And I stood a way off watching in the sunshine, and I shivered.

God lay in the sunshine watching too.

Then there rose one among the feasters, who said, "My brethren, let us pray!"

And all the men and women rose: and strong men bowed their heads, and mothers folded their little children's hands together, and turned their faces upwards, to the roof. And he who first had risen stood at the table head, and stretched out both his hands, and his beard was long and white, and his sleeves and his beard had been dipped in wine; and because the sleeves were full they held much wine, it dropped upon the floor.

And he cried, "My brothers and my sisters, let us pray."

And all the men and women answered, "Let us pray."

And he cried out, "For this fair banquet-house we thank Thee, Lord."

And all the men and women said, "We thank Thee, Lord."

"Thine is this house, dear Lord."

"Thine is this house."

"For us hast Thou made it."

"For us."

"Oh, fill our jars with wine, dear Lord."

"Our jars with wine."

"Give peace and plenty in our time, dear Lord."

"Peace and plenty in our time"——I said to God, "Whom is it they are talking to?" God said, "Do *I* know whom they speak of?" I saw they were looking up at the roof, not out in the sunshine, where God lay.

"——dear Lord!"

"Dear Lord."

"Our children's children, Lord, shall rise and call Thee blessed."

"Our children's children, Lord!"——I said to God, "The grapes are crying!" God said, "Still! I hear them."——"shall call Thee blessed."

"Pour forth more wine upon us, Lord."

"More wine."

"More wine."

"More wine!"

"Wine!!"

"Wine!!"

"Wine!!!"

"Dear Lord!"

And then the feast went on. And mothers poured out wine and fed their little children with it, and men held up the cup to women's lips and cried, "Beloved! drink," and women filled their lovers' flagons; and yet the feast went on. And after a while I looked, and I saw the curtain that hung behind the house moving.

I said to God, "What is it—a wind?"

God said, "A wind."

And it seemed to me, that against the curtain I saw pressed the forms of men and women. And after a while the feasters saw it also, and they whispered. Then some rose and gathered the oldest cups and into them they put what was left at the bottom of other vessels. Mothers whispered to their children, "Do not drink all, save a little drop when you have drunk well." And when they had collected the dregs they slipped the cups out under the bottom of the curtain without lifting it. After a while the curtain left off moving.

I said to God, "How is it?"

He said, "They have gone away to drink it."

I said, "They drink it—their own!"

God said, "It comes from this side the curtain: they are very thirsty."

Then the feast went on, and after a while I saw a small, white hand slipped in below the curtain edge along the floor; and it motioned towards the wine jars.

And I said to God, "Why is that hand so bloodless?"

And God said, "It is a wine-pressed hand."

The men saw it and started to their feet; and women cried, and ran to the great wine jars, and threw their arms about them, and cried, "Ours, our own!" and twined their long hair around them.

I said to God, "Why are they frightened of that one small hand?"

God answered, "Because it is so white."

And men ran in a great company towards the curtain, and struggled there. I heard them strike upon the floor with their feet. And when they moved away the curtain hung smooth; and there was a small mark of wine upon the floor.

I said to God, "Why do they not wash it out?"

God said, "They cannot."

And they took small stones and put them down along the edge of the curtain to keep it down. And the men and women sat down again at the tables.

And I said to God, "Will those stones keep it down?"

God said, "What think you—if the wind blew?"

And the feast went on.

And suddenly I cried to God, "If one should rise among them, even of themselves, and start up from the table and should cast away his cup, and cry aloud, 'My brothers, oh, my sisters, wait! what is it that we drink?'——and with his sword should cut in two the curtain, and holding wide the fragments, cry, 'My brothers, oh, my sisters, see! it is not wine, not wine! not wine! My brothers, oh, my sisters—!' and he should overturn——"

God said, "Still!—— see there."

I looked: before the banquet-house, among the grass, I saw a row of mounds, flowers covered them, and gilded marble stood at their heads. I asked God what they were.

He answered, "They are the graves of those who rose up at the feast and cried aloud."

And I asked God how they came there.

He said, "The men of the banquet-house rose up and cast them down backwards."

I said, "Who buried them?"

God said, "The men who cast them down."

I said, "How came it that they threw them down, and then set flowers and marble over them?"

God said, "Because the bones cried out, they covered them."

And among the grass and weeds I saw an unburied body lying; and I asked God why it was.

God said, "Because it died only yesterday. In a little while,

when the flesh shall have fallen from its bones, they will bury it also, and plant flowers over it."

And still the feast went on.

Men and women sat at the tables quaffing great bowls. Some rose, and threw their arms about each other, and danced and sang. They pledged each other.

Higher and higher grew the revels.

Men, when they had drunk till they could no longer, threw what was left in their glasses to the roof, and let it fall back in cascades. Women dyed their children's garments in the wine, and fed them on it till their tiny mouths were red. Sometimes, as the dancers whirled, they overturned a vessel, and their garments were besprinkled. Children sat upon the floor with great bowls of wine, and swam rose-leaves on them for boats. They put their hands in the wine and blew large red-coloured bubbles.

And higher and higher grew the revels, and wilder the dancing, and louder the singing. But here and there among the revellers were those who did not revel. I noted at the tables here and there men who sat with their elbows on the table and hands shading their eyes; they looked into the wine-cup beneath them, and did not drink. And when one touched them lightly on the shoulder, bidding them to rise and dance and sing, they started, and then looked down, and sat there watching, but they did not speak.

And here and there I saw a woman sit apart. The others danced and sang and fed their children, but she sat silent with her head aside as though she listened. Her little children plucked her gown; she did not see them; she was listening; but she said nothing.

And the revels grew higher. Men drank till they could drink no longer. Some lay their heads upon the table, sleeping heavily. Women who could dance no more leaned on the benches with their heads against their lovers. Little children, sick with wine, lay down upon the edges of their mothers' robes. Sometimes, a man rose suddenly, and as he staggered struck the tables and overthrew the benches; some leaned upon the balustrades sick unto death. Here and there rose one who staggered to the wine jars and lay

down beside them. He turned on the wine tap and let the wine run out, and lay on the ground sleeping.

Slowly the thin red stream ran across the white marbled floor; it reached the stone steps. Slowly, slowly, slowly it trickled down, from step to step, from step to step: it sank into the earth. A thin white smoke rose from it.

I did not say anything; neither did God speak. He beckoned me to come on.

And after we had travelled for a while we came where on seven hills lay the ruins of a mighty house larger and stronger than the one which I had seen.

I said to God, "What did the men who built it here?"

God said, "They feasted."

And I said, "On what?"

God said, "Wine."

And I looked, and it seemed to me that behind the ruins lay still a circular hollow within the earth where the foot of a wine-press stood.

I said to God, "How came it this house fell?"

God said, "The earth was sodden."

And He called me to come further.

We came upon a hill where blue waters played, and marble lay about. I said to God, "What stood here?"

He said, "A pleasure-house."

I looked, and at my feet great pillars lay. I cried aloud for joy. I cried to God, "The marble blossoms!"

God said, "Ay, 'twas a fairy house. There has not been one like to it, nor shall be. The pillars and the porticoes blossomed; the wine cups were as gathered flowers: on this side the curtain were broidered fair designs, the stitching was of gold."

I said to God, "What on the other side?"

God said, "On the side of the wine-press it was dark."

I said to God, "How came it that it fell?"

God said, "The wind blew."

He called me.

And as we travelled, we came where lay a mighty ridge of sand, and a dark river ran. There rose two mounds.

I said to God, "They are very great."

God said, "Exceeding great."

And I listened.

God asked me what I heard.

I said, "The sound of weeping, and I hear the sound of strokes, but I cannot tell whence it comes."

God said, "The echo of the wine-press lingers still among the coping-stones upon the mounds. A banquet-house stood here."

He called me to come further.

Upon a barren hill-side, where the soil was arid, God called me to stand still.

He said, "There was a feasting-house here once upon a time."

I said to God, "I see no mark of any feasting-house here now."

God said, "There is not left one stone upon another that has not been thrown down." And I looked round; and on the hill-side was a lonely grave.

I said to God, "What lies there?"

He said, "A vine truss bruised in the wine-press."

And at the head stood a cross, and on the foot lay a crown of thorns.

As I turned to go I looked backward; the wine-press and the banquet-house were gone, but the grave stood.

And on the edge of a long ridge there opened out before me a wide plain, with sand across it. And when I looked down I saw great stones lie shattered; and the desert sand half covered them.

I said to God, "There is a writing on them, but I cannot read it."

God bent and blew aside the desert sand, and cleared it with His finger, and read the writing: "Weighed in the balance, and found——" the last word was wanting.

I said to God, "It was a banquet-house?"

God said, "A banquet-house."

I said, "There was a wine-press here?"

God said, "A wine-press."

I was very weary. I looked across the grey sands: I shaded

my eyes with my hand. The pink evening light was lying over everything.

Far off, away upon the sand, I saw two figures standing. With wings upfolded high above their heads, and stern faces set, neither man nor beast, they looked across the desert sand, watching, watching, watching. I did not ask God what they were, or who had set them there. I was too weary.

And still, yet further, in the evening light, I looked with my shaded eyes.

Where the sands were thick and heavy I saw a solitary pillar standing: the top had fallen, and the sand had buried it. On the broken pillar sat a grey owl of the desert, with folded wings; and slowly by crept the desert fox trailing his brush, and the evening light cast its shadow on the sand.

I shaded my eyes. Further, yet further, I saw the sand gathered into heaps as though it covered something, until it faded from my sight.

I cried to God, "Oh, I am so weary."

God said, "You have not seen half Hell."

I said, "I cannot see more, I am afraid. In my own narrow little path I dare not walk because I think that one has dug a pit for me; and if I put my hand to take a fruit I draw it back again because I think it has been kissed. If I look out across the plains, the mounds are covered houses; and when I pass among the stones I hear them crying. The time of the dancing is beaten in with sobs, and the wine is alive. Oh, I cannot bear Hell!"

God said, "Where will you go?"

I said, "To earth from which I came; it was better there."

And God laughed at me; and I wondered why He laughed.

He said, "Come with Me, and I will show you Heaven."

OLIVE SCHREINER.

THE BERLIN LABOUR CONFERENCE.

"The unarmed multitude, desirous to escape from the oppression of the rich and powerful, set up kings, that equality might reign, and that great and small should be subject to the same law."

SO Cicero explains the origin of Royalty (*De Officiis*, Lib. II. c. xii.), and in truth all great kings of every time and country have considered that their chief duty was to care for the interests of the poor, the humble, the outcast. When our Henry IV. travelled through the country he used to stop and speak to the people, and to inquire of the wayfarers whence they came, whither they went, and of what nature were the goods they carried. And when his gentlemen objected that this familiar intercourse with the people was an offence to the Royal dignity, he replied: "I seek to know the value of a farthing, and how much toil it costs these poor folk to earn it, that they may be burdened with only such taxes as they are able to bear."

No man was more faithful to this Royal tradition than Napoleon III. The relief of those who were a prey to bodily or mental distress was the constant preoccupation of his reign; it was the thought which gave it unity, and which constitutes its undying grandeur. To induce him to sign the Treaty of Commerce Cobden reminded him of the inscription engraved beneath the statue erected to Sir Robert Peel: "He improved the condition of the labouring classes by lowering the price of necessaries." "That is the reward I most covet," answered the Emperor, and he signed the Treaty of Commerce.

This was the first of a series of popular laws on the freedom of partnerships and societies, and of provident institutions. At the moment when the unforeseen provocation of Prussia surprised him

in the midst of his peaceful labours, he was contemplating the institution of a national pension fund for indigent old age.

The young German Emperor is to be congratulated because, inspired by these illustrious examples, he has turned his thoughts, now that he has done so much for the barracks, to the cottage and the workshop, and has conceived the worthy ambition of showing himself to the eyes of his people and of all Europe in another character than that of a recruiting sergeant or an inspector of troops.

His action, moreover, is as politic as it is generous. Henceforward nations, armed with universal suffrage, careless of old-world legends about the right Divine, will grow more and more conscious of the power they wield, and ever more ready to use it. The social basis on which thrones repose is agitated by constant upheavals; and kings, if they would not be engulfed, are forced to become Cæsars, that is, tribunes of the people.

The German Emperor demands the crown of the Cæsars. If the German nation accords it to him he will in truth have founded his Empire. Otherwise it is but an accidental creation of the chances of war, which a similar hazard may sweep away.

But the Emperor, not content with being merely the benevolent legislator of his own Empire, seeks to become the representative of popular interests and aspirations in all countries, and convokes a congress of plenipotentiaries of a new species, to deliberate not on the distribution of kingdoms and the delimitation of frontiers, but on the conditions to be observed in workshops and factories, and on the relations between capital and labour.

We cannot think that the policy which is his by tradition and choice can permit him to play with success the part of an international legislator. For at the present day the German Emperor is the representative of two survivals of a more barbarous time—the system of Protection, and the right of conquest.

In spite of all the evidence already accumulated, which coming events will soon confirm afresh, he believes that a nation grows rich by surrounding itself with a wall of prohibitory duties on imports; and by his example he is striving to subject trade to the absurd conditions from which it was delivered, to the great

benefit of civilisation, by Cobden, Bastiat, Michel Chevalier, and Say. These economists have shown us that "by isolation prosperous nations harm each other; that by freedom of exchange prosperous nations help each other"; that a country cannot long remain rich while its neighbours are poor; that general comfort is the result of individual well-being; that, except the moderate duties rendered necessary by fiscal reasons, no artificial obstacle should hinder the natural movement created by God Himself, which constitutes a law of the world.

Germany, imitating the democratic selfishness of America, declares these maxims false, and refuses to obey them. She will learn to regret her decision when overtaken by the poverty which must succeed her ephemeral prosperity.

The German Emperor is not only the representative of the system of Protection; he embodies the allied principle which, however, is yet more retrograde, the principle of conquest. France and England had, by different methods, made the recognition of the liberty of peoples and nationalities an avowed principle of international law. It seemed generally admitted that the lot of a given country should be decided in future according to the will of its inhabitants; that peoples should no longer be regarded as property to be won or lost at the point of the bayonet; that they are independent, inviolable, and indestructible.

Germany, which once, like France and England, professed these principles, has disavowed them since her attack on Denmark and the seizure of the Danish duchies of Schleswig-Holstein. She has laid it down as a maxim that the strongest has always and everywhere the right of appropriating the territory which suits him and, in the popular phrase, rounds off his own property. Germany has since applied this revived mediæval policy to Alsace and Lorraine. The German Government detains Frenchmen in those provinces against their will, unvaryingly and openly manifested during twenty years; oppressing, harassing, and torturing them with far more cruelty than the Austrians displayed in Venice and Milan. How can the oppressor of nations become their liberator?

The Berlin Conference can only give expression to wishes and formulate theories. These wishes and theories must, before they

can take effect, be embodied in laws by the Legislature of each individual country. Is it likely that the deputies of the Chamber will be favourably inclined by arguments drawn from the result of a Berlin vote on the proposal of the oppressor of our brothers of Alsace and Lorraine?

The oppressive policy of which the German Emperor is the representative has a further effect than to render co-operation with France a moral impossibility; it is the most serious material obstacle to any improvement in the lot of the working classes. It causes a yearly increase in the taxes; while the finances of the country are burdened by expenditure which yields no return for the outlay, and by the rise in the price of necessaries and of all things indispensable to the material well-being of the labourer.

This "Militarism" had already appeared before the Revolution, and Montesquieu had indicated its dangers in prophetic words. "A new disease," he said, "has overspread Europe; it has attacked our princes, and has made them enrol an inordinate number of troops. It has its crises, and it is of necessity contagious. Each monarch keeps under arms as many soldiers as he could possibly raise if his people were in danger of extermination; and this effort of each to out-do the other is what men call peace. Soon, as the result of having so many soldiers, we shall have nothing but soldiers."

Prussia, by the substitution of armed nations for the former small armies of soldiers by profession—another lapse into barbarism—has rendered it impossible to lighten labour of the heavy burdens which weigh it down. Socialism is the consequence and the punishment of this revival of the policy of conquest which has led to such a fearful extension of the military system.

The Germany of Kant, of Goethe, of Beethoven, was like a grand cathedral within whose peaceful walls stood a number of altars where sacred light was shed from lamps of gold. The Germany of the Emperor William is a vast barrack in which the sound of trumpets and of the drilling of recruits drowns the grand voice of the German people chanting melodious hymns to its ideal.

Such is the incurable, organic disease against which the German people has to strive. Expedients such as the Conference cannot

prevail against it; it is not enough to be strong, it is also necessary to be just. When the Neapolitan would hurl a terrible curse at his enemy he wishes he may gain the prize in the lottery—for he knows that the man who wins stakes again, and that he who plays long ends by losing. Success is sometimes the most terrible punishment of iniquity. It will not be long before Germany affords a striking demonstration of the fact. Before undertaking to advise others, she would do well to look at home and entertain ideas of a more generous, more moral, more upright, and juster nature.

In conclusion, the edicts are worthy of praise and deserve to succeed; the Conference is an incoherent experiment and will not succeed. Let the Emperor abandon his economical errors and his arbitrary rule over peoples to whom it is odious; let him curb his military ardour and place to the credit of the labouring class the amount so saved on the army estimates; then he will acquire the right to address a philanthropic appeal to the nations, and to inaugurate social concord in Europe. But while he offers the olive branch with one hand, holding a naked sword in the other, while he talks of mitigating suffering and continues to inflict it, while he persists in an unjust policy, it is not possible to believe in the sincerity of his efforts towards social equity; his intentions will be suspected, his professions regarded as hypocritical, and those who help him to produce scenic effects, the mechanism of which is not clear to the public, will be considered, on the most charitable supposition, as his dupes.

ÉMILE OLLIVIER.

THE EFFECT OF SMOKING ON THE VOICE.

IN these days of aggressive sanitation, tobacco, like nearly every other gift of God to man, has been denounced by well-meaning fanatics as the cause of numberless ills both to soul and body. I am inclined to think that to this indiscriminating anathema the practice of smoking owes, at least in some measure, its present all but universal diffusion. A French *dévote* is reported to have said of some innocent pleasure that it would be perfect if it were sinful. In the same spirit, no doubt, the "average sensual man" feels that indulgences in themselves almost indifferent gain additional relish from the fact that they are regarded as wrong by the "unco' guid" or by truculent sanitarians as hurtful. The gospel of health is an excellent thing, but, like the world, it is perhaps a trifle too much with us, and the relentless zeal of its preachers wearies men of ordinary mould as the just Aristides bored the Athenians. I say this out of no irreverence towards Sir Edwin Chadwick, Dr. B. W. Richardson, and the other apostles of hygiene, whom I honour on this side idolatry as much as any, but because it seems to me that they are apt to forget that physical well-being is not the sole end of existence. I wish it to be understood that though a doctor I do not consider it to be my function to stand at the feast of life and, like poor Sancho's physician, condemn everything on the table. I am not a member of the Anti-Tobacco League, nor do I believe that all those who seek solace from the "herb nicotian"

> "Go mad and beat their wives,
> Plunge, after shocking lives,
> Razors and carving knives
> Into their gizzards."

On the contrary, I am teleologist enough to think that as tobacco is supplied to us naturally from the bounteous bosom of Mother

Earth it is meant to be used, and if used in the right way it is often helpful rather than injurious. I have no sympathy with the fanatics, from the Royal author of the famous *Counterblast* downwards, who would deprive poor humanity of one of the few pleasures which tend to make our way of life in however small a degree less desolate than it otherwise would be.

Having now, as I hope, gained the confidence of devotees of the "weed" by this profession of faith, I can speak of the effect of smoking on the vocal organs without being suspected of prejudice.

In dealing with the voice, we may concentrate our attention on the singing voice and the marvellous organ which produces it, with its delicate tissues, its highly complex nervous apparatus and its accurate muscular adjustments; or we may speak of the voice as used in ordinary speech, in which, though there is less question of artistic effect, the mechanism is still extraordinarily complicated and not only the larynx and throat are used, but the tongue, cheeks, and lips are brought into more active play than they are in singing. Speaking concerns the whole human family, while singing belongs to a comparatively small though highly privileged fraction thereof. Tobacco affects both the speaking and the singing voice, though of course its influence is much more noticeable in song, where the physical processes are more elaborate and where anything that interferes with the smoothness and sweetness of tone is as conspicuous as spots on the sun. The singing voice therefore affords the most delicate test whereby the effect of external agencies, so slight that in speech their influence would be unnoticed, can be accurately gauged. I shall, therefore, first consider the effect of tobacco smoke on the singing voice, and it may be well to ask at the outset, Has it any effect at all? Does the utterance of the smoker bewray him, as the husky tones of those who love to look on the wine when it is red often proclaim their infirmity?

That the voice is affected by tobacco is proved by the testimony of singers on the one hand and by the experience of physicians on the other. A very large acquaintance with vocalists of all grades, extending now over a longer period of years than I care to think of, enables me to say that while a few consider their voice as improved, the vast majority think it is more or less injured by

smoking. I attach far more importance to the testimony of the latter than to that of the former, as singers have frequently the most eccentric notions of what is "good for the voice." As stout, mustard and melted tallow candles have each been vaunted by distinguished artistes as vocal elixirs of sovereign efficacy, it is not surprising that tobacco should also have its adherents. The example of Mario, who smoked incessantly, is often cited as a proof of the utility, or at any rate the harmlessness, of the practice. It is obvious, however, that an exceptional singer is so by virtue of possessing an exceptional throat, and no rule for general use can be safely founded on such an instance. Balzac used to say of great men who were victims of the tender passion, that there was no knowing how much greater they might have been if they had been free from that weakness. In the same way we may say of Mario, How much finer might even *his* voice have been without his eternal cigar! It might at least have lasted longer than it did. Nearly all singers who have not been accustomed to the use of tobacco feel, when first they take to smoking, that it makes the throat dry and uncomfortable, and the voice thick, husky, and tremulous, or in some undefined way mars the perfection of their execution. Medical men who have eyes for such things can often see the baleful effects of immoderate smoking writ large on nearly every part of the mucous membrane of the throat. Such, however, is the power possessed by the human organisation of adapting itself to injurious influences that in many persons, just as the stomach becomes tolerant of tobacco, the tissues of the throat become accustomed to the irritating effect of the hot and acrid fumes. Nevertheless, when such impressions cease to be perceptible, the effect on the mucous membrane may continue to be hurtful, and I have no doubt that a sensitiveness to the effects of cold, or as it is called, "a catarrhal tendency," is frequently kept up even by the moderate use of tobacco. It is often the abuse of tobacco that is at the bottom of chronic congestion or other slight deviations from the normal condition of the throat, which are put down to other causes. But besides that, I have not the least doubt that smoking may be injurious to the voice, even when it leaves no visible marks of its action, by impairing the precision of muscular movement necessary for perfect production.

The effect of tobacco on the body is both general and local; that is to say, it acts on the nervous centres and on the heart as well as on the parts with which the smoke or the juice comes immediately in contact. The general effect does not concern us here, except in so far as the larynx may be affected thereby. It usually finds expression in what is vaguely called "nervousness"; the pulse becomes flurried and the muscles more or less relaxed and unsteady. This is why smoking is so strictly forbidden to men training for athletic feats. So marked is the effect of tobacco in relaxing the whole muscular system that before the days of chloroform it was employed in surgical operations in which it was necessary that the muscles should be perfectly limp. It will be readily understood that, under the influence of a drug possessing these properties, the exquisitely delicate adjustments of the various parts of the complicated vocal machinery are to some extent disordered, and the voice, if not quite "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh," loses something of its richness and brilliancy. Something analogous to what takes place in the eye as the result of the abuse of tobacco occurs in the larynx, or rather in the part of the brain which governs the movements of that organ. Oculists are familiar with "Tobacco Amblyopia"—that is, *dimness* of sight due to what may be called, figuratively, *blurring* of the retina by tobacco smoke. "Tobacco Amblyphonia" would be an equally appropriate name for the corresponding *dulness* of voice caused by excessive smoking. It must be understood that I speak here solely of singers; the effects which have been mentioned would be scarcely, if at all, noticeable in the speaking voice.

When the nicotine does not injure the nervous system the smoke may still irritate the lining membrane of the throat and windpipe. Anyone who has been in a Highland cottage must be painfully familiar with the effect of the "peat reek" on the eyes. As the mucous membrane lining the larynx is even more sensitive than that covering the organ of vision, the effect of blasts of hot smoke passing over it may be imagined. Unfortunately, it is possible to harden this delicate membrane to these rough experiences; but in losing its sensitiveness it also loses a good deal of its smoothness and elasticity.

The evil effects wrought by tobacco on the larynx consist generally in patches of congestion affecting the upper part of the organ and occasionally the vocal cords themselves. In addition to this, in severe cases the cords show a certain sluggishness of movement, which of course makes the tone dull, harsh, and uncertain. A marked feature in these cases is dryness of the mucous membrane, a physical condition which deprives the voice of all brilliancy. In a given case it would be impossible by mere ocular inspection to feel certain that these signs of disease arose from smoking, but in the case of young men not thoroughly habituated I have repeatedly seen conditions brought on by a few days' smoking which have disappeared altogether when the patient has abstained.

In the upper portion of the throat the parts most exposed to the action of hot smoke are the uvula and the soft palate or little curtain which screens off the mouth from the back of the throat; and it is there, accordingly, that the effects are most marked. Patches of redness, enlargement of the tiny blood-vessels, swelling of the uvula, crops of little blisters which break and give rise to small but painful ulcers, and finally a rough, gritty, almost warty and discoloured condition of what was once a beautiful, smooth, pink surface—these are the chief features of the picture too often presented by the smoker's palate. Dryness is here also a very characteristic feature of chronic nicotism. Everywhere in the throat the natural secretion which should lubricate the parts is dried up, or thickened to a glutinous material which clogs instead of oiling the wheels of the vocal machine.

The tongue often suffers severely from the effects of tobacco. Small excoriations, blisters, chronic superficial inflammation, and white patches sometimes of almost horny consistency are formed on the surface of the organ; and a permanently unhealthy condition is induced which in those predisposed to cancer is apt, under the influence of advancing age, or as the result of the prolonged vocal irritation, to lead to the development of that disease. The same observation applies to the superficial ulceration which affects the sides of the root of the tongue. In this situation there are a number of delicate projections or so-called "papillæ," the exquisitely fine points of which readily become inflamed when exposed

to irritation. It is in this situation that cancer of the tongue is exceedingly apt to commence; but whether this terrible disease actually originates from mere irritation, or whether it must first be in the system and is only brought to a focus, so to speak, by local irritation, has not yet been determined. Even if the latter hypothesis, however, be correct, the disease must be often brought on by smoking many years before it would otherwise develop, and it occurs in a situation where its symptoms are peculiarly distressing.

More rarely, smoking causes chronic inflammation of the lips, which sometimes gives rise to cracks which are always very troublesome and not infrequently end in deadly disease. In several of the morbid conditions which I have described it is obvious that the changes of structure are more important than the loss of vocal function, and indeed in many cases serious disease may be present whilst the voice is but little affected.

It need hardly be said that the conditions of the throat and other parts of the vocal instrument which I have here sketched are not the work of a few months, or of moderate smoking; they are the result of years of excessive indulgence. There is, of course, every shade of degree in the susceptibility of different individuals, and much also depends on the kind of tobacco used, and on the manner of smoking. Persons whose skin and mucous membrane are naturally irritable are more easily affected than others; and those of strongly marked rheumatic or gouty tendencies are especially likely to suffer.

The speaking voice does not generally become seriously affected as the result of smoking, except in the case of those who have to make professional use of the voice. I have noticed such effects occasionally in the case of military men, and more rarely amongst the clergy, who have generally the good sense to give up the habit of smoking when they find it injurious. They are certainly, however, most common amongst actors. In members of the dramatic profession there is often a great strain on both the throat and the nervous system, especially in learning and rehearsing new parts; and it is at such times that actors often exceed the bounds of moderation in smoking, which is had recourse to as a sedative to

their overtaxed cerebral and nervous energies. It is easy to drift into excess under such circumstances, all the more that the throat is then in what may be called "a condition of least resistance." The result is that most of the leading actors in London suffer from a relaxed condition of the upper part of the throat, brought on entirely, I believe, by smoking. As a high standard of excellence can only be maintained in the dramatic profession under a sparing use of alcohol, tobacco must be looked upon as the sole cause of the evil. I may add, moreover, that whilst actors suffer very much from congestion and relaxation of the pharynx, actresses are very rarely afflicted in that way. But if the present craze of women for aping men even in their weaknesses continues, it cannot be expected that they will escape the consequences. The fair creatures whom I have seen smoke, however, did not seem likely to do themselves much harm, for they either toyed with the cigarette in a Platonic sort of way, or smoked with their lips, "puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke," to use the words of Charles Lamb, but taking care that very little passed inwards beyond the "barrier of the teeth." I cannot imagine, however, that any lady who cares about her voice would expose it even to that slight risk.

I have entered somewhat minutely into the various forms of harm which a smoker may inflict upon himself, but unfortunately it is not necessary to smoke in order to be a victim of tobacco. Even seasoned vessels often find their neighbours' pipes or cigars very trying, and, for a person with a delicate throat, exposure to an atmosphere laden with the fumes of tobacco is even worse than smoking. Dr. Ramon de la Sota, a Spanish physician who has given much attention to the subject, states that he is very frequently called upon to treat Spanish ladies who do not themselves smoke, for irritation of the throat, caused, according to him, by the ungallant habits of their male relatives "who do not deny themselves the cigar either at table or in the drawing-room or even in the bedroom." The same gentleman has seen some of the worst effects of tobacco in the throats of women (non-smokers) employed in the large cigar factory at Seville. "Smoking concerts" should be *anathema maranatha* to the vocalist who has a proper regard for his instrument; he should also scrupulously avoid smoking car-

riages on the Underground Railway, especially at the time of the evening exodus from the City, and all other places where smokers most do congregate.

The effects of over-smoking on the throat, when the habit has not been too long indulged in, can as a rule be easily cured by the simple remedy of discontinuing the practice which engenders them. In considering the evils produced by smoking it should be borne in mind that there are two bad qualities contained in the fumes of tobacco. The one is the poisonous nicotine, and the other is the high temperature of the burning tobacco. The Oriental hookah, in which the smoke is cooled by being passed through water before reaching the mouth, is probably the least harmful form of indulgence in tobacco, and the cigarette which is so much in vogue nowadays is most certainly the worst. It owes this "bad eminence" to the very mildness of its action, people being tempted to smoke all day long, and easily accustoming themselves to inhale the fumes into their lungs and thus saturating their blood with the poison.

To sum up, I believe that most people can smoke in moderation without injury, and that to many tobacco acts as a useful nerve sedative. On the other hand, if indulged in to excess the habit is always injurious, and I am sure that a great many persons either cannot see or wilfully shut their eyes to the "scientific frontier" which separates moderation from abuse. It must also be borne in mind that the condition of the throat, as well as that of the general health, varies greatly at different times, and that an amount of smoking which at one time would be attended with no bad effect might at another produce serious harm. Every smoker knows that when the stomach is out of order the pipe or cigar loses its charm, but it is not so generally known that at such times the tongue (which to the experienced eye is a mirror of the invisible stomach) and the throat are more vulnerable than usual to tobacco. If nature's warnings on these points are disregarded, as they generally are, the smoker will bring on himself much unnecessary discomfort and even suffering. In connection with the variation in susceptibility just referred to, it may be mentioned that persons leading an outdoor life can, as a rule, smoke with much greater impunity than those who spend most of their time indoors. It is, further, worthy

of remark that the inhabitants of warm climates suffer less than the dwellers in what is, probably on the *a non lucendo* principle, called the *temperate* climate of England. This is doubtless due to the greater resisting power of throats less harassed by fogs and east winds, and partly perhaps to the use of milder tobacco.

To conclude with a little practical advice, I would say to anyone who finds total abstinence too heroic a stretch of virtue, let him smoke only after a substantial meal; and if he be a singer or speaker, let him do so after and never before using the voice. Let him smoke a mild Havannah or a long-stemmed pipe charged with some cool-smoking tobacco. If the charms of the cigarette are irresistible, let it be smoked through a mouthpiece which is kept clean with ultra-Mohammedan strictness. Let him refrain from smoking pipe, cigar, or cigarette to the bitter, and it may be added, rank and oily end. Your Turk, who is very choice in his smoking and thoroughly understands the art, always throws away the *near* half of his cigarette. Let the singer who wishes to keep in the "perfect way" refrain from inhaling the smoke, and let him take it as an axiom that the man in whom tobacco increases the flow of saliva to any marked degree is not intended by nature to smoke. Let him be strictly moderate in indulgence—the precise limits each man must settle for himself—and he will get all the good effect of the soothing plant without the bane which lurks in it when used to excess.

MORELL MACKENZIE.

DISESTABLISHMENT—WHY NOT FACE IT?

"THE Church of England is now in a position of such strength that it is almost impregnable." So spoke one of the leading members of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, the other day, in North Wales, at the close of a meeting which to a less sanguine temperament might have suggested reflections of a more sombre caste. Nor is it the first time since the days of Noah and Lot that similar outbursts have been heard from men who believed that they had found safe quarters on the crust of a volcano. The famous panegyric of Hume on the stability of the French Monarchy, the recent collapse of an Empire long supposed to rest upon surer foundations than any South American State, or, to come to still closer analogies, the pertinacity with which up to the last moment the bulk of the Irish clergy refused to believe in the disestablishment of their Church, should act as a warning to those who are disposed to indulge in such unqualified outbursts of optimism.

Yet to the superficial observer there is undoubtedly much to justify the jubilant tone of Lord George Hamilton. When, it is often asked, was the Church so active? When were her ministers so willing to spend and be spent in her service? When were sermons so numerous or services so attractive? When was it so easy to collect contributions for any ecclesiastical purpose—from the foundation of a new bishopric or the restoration of an old cathedral to the purchase of a parish magic lantern? It is true that this chorus of self-congratulation is occasionally broken by ominous complaints about the difficulty of "bringing the masses to Church," or by the "bitter cry" of disappointed preachers condemned to address to bonnets the exhortations which were meant for heads. However this may be, it is certain that if there is in the Church of England less lip worship, less formal compliance with outward

observances, there is far more real spiritual energy, far more sacrifice of self, far more living Christianity than there was half a century ago. It is no derogation from this just tribute to say that the zeal and activity of nearly all other denominations have increased in at least an equal ratio. But if these religious revivals argue well for the spiritual growth of the Church, it by no means follows that they are equally favourable to the maintenance of that union between Church and State with which many persons in this country believe the welfare of both to be bound up.

The Bishop of Peterborough has lately insisted with much force and some success that "the words Church and State stand for two wholly distinct and different societies, having different aims, different laws, and different methods of government," whose "spheres lie in different planes and are acted upon by different forces and to different ends."* The contention, coming as it does from one who is a legislator because he is a Bishop, is a remarkable one, even when qualified by a reservation in favour of what Dr. Magee calls the "alliance between Church and State." Of the value of such a saving clause every one is at liberty to form his own estimate, but so keen a logician as the Bishop of Peterborough will scarcely deny that, if the provinces and functions of these two bodies are so radically and diametrically distinct and opposed, it will be possible to dissolve that alliance without vital injury to either. If this proposition be true generally, it is especially applicable to a union evolved out of conditions so abnormal as those which have marked the birth and growth of the State Church of England.

In dealing with such a subject it is exceedingly difficult to disentangle it from the associations and prejudices which nearly four centuries of more or less unquestioning acceptance have woven around it. Of the historical origin of that union perhaps the less said the better. In any case, the maintenance at the present day in one part of one State of a hierarchy by law privileged and paid to propagate certain not very clearly defined religious doctrines for

* *Fortnightly Review* for January. "The State and the Sermon on the Mount," pp. 41-46.

the benefit of a not very clearly defined portion of the community is, surely, a strange anomaly. To transplant such an organisation or anything in the least resembling it into a new country would be impossible. To find its parallel in an old one is difficult. Of Roman Catholic communities it is unnecessary to speak. A Church of Italy, of Spain, or of Austria, would be a contradiction in terms. No doubt, in a sense, Lutheranism or Calvinism is the State religion of several European countries. But there is no real analogy between the comparative independence of the Anglican Church and the semi-military drill and discipline which have made the Church of Prussia (if such an expression can be used) as much an organised department of the State as the army or the police. That the old maxim, *Cujus regio, ejus religio*, should have been viewed with favour by the European potentates of the sixteenth century, who saw in one or other of the rival religions of the day the means of strengthening or consolidating their own dynasties, is intelligible enough. But the Church of England "as by law established" is to-day, as the very name implies, not even co-extensive with the United Kingdom—much less with the dominions of the Queen. Take the four nationalities into which the British Isles are popularly divided. It has never been accepted as a State Church in one; it has been disestablished in another; it is in a hopeless minority in a third; and it rests upon a fluctuating, if not a declining, majority in a fourth. There is something almost whimsical in the notion of two State religions dividing one island between them in such a way that the same man may be a Churchman on the right and a Dissenter on the left bank of the Tweed. Such a theory of State religion goes either too far or not far enough. It is Geographical rather than National. Of course it will be answered that the Anglican Church, so far from being confined within certain territorial limits, is to be found flourishing wherever the English language is spoken—in Scotland, in Ireland, in Australia, in America. But the reply is altogether beside the question; for the Church of England ceases to be local or, in the narrower sense of the word, national just when she ceases to be allied to the State.

There was a time when English Churchmen felt more keenly the narrowness of the ground on which they took their stand, and made

various efforts to widen and extend it. Of these efforts, perhaps, the most remarkable was the Anglo-Catholic movement, with which all who knew Oxford thirty or forty years ago must be familiar. Stated shortly, it resolved itself into this : that in the Thirty-nine Articles and the Church Catechism were to be found the doctrines of the earliest and purest age of Christendom, and that the Anglican Church was "the pearl of great price buried under centuries of Romish superstition," which the world was about to prize at its true value. The weak point of the movement (which ignored altogether the peculiar relations of the Church to the State) was that it never made a single convert outside the pale of the Church itself. The few Continental theologians who deigned to notice it pointed out that the term Anglo-Catholicism involved a confusion of ideas, and that a Church could not be national and universal at the same time ; while devout Catholics shrank from contact with an apostacy which they ascribed to "the passions of a licentious and headstrong king, who had grown tired of his elderly wife and fallen in love with a pretty woman." I remember, not many years ago, coming across a chaplain of the Church of England in the South of France who regarded himself as an apostle of the new movement. The poor man, who had never managed to muster more than a dozen communicants, was in the habit of impressing upon his neighbours at the *table d'hôte*, in very indifferent French, that the Church of England was the only true Apostolic Church, and that the three hundred million Catholics scattered up and down the world were dissenters or heretics. At first his effusions were treated as an impertinent jest. When he persisted in repeating them, he narrowly escaped being placed in a lunatic asylum.

"Happily," however, as Lord Beaconsfield once said, "we are not a logical nation," and in this conservative country the maxim *j'y suis, j'y reste* has proved the saving of more than one threatened institution. Indeed, so far from this insularity, if the word can be applied to the southern half of this island, being a source of weakness, it is probable that much of the hold which the Established Church early acquired upon the English people was due to the fact that it was something which was all their own. The Sacheverell Riots in the beginning of the last century, the intense hatred of

Nonconformity which, as Mr. Morley in his life of Walpole points out, would have made the repeal of the Test Acts by that powerful Minister "an act of little less than madness," were largely due to the Chauvinism which, for good or for evil, underlies our national character. Nor is this feeling extinct, though it is gradually yielding to closer intercourse and freer interchange of thought between nation and nation. The typical Englishman who goes about the Continent thanking God that he is not as other men are still clings to the thought that he carries with him to the Bernese Oberland, to the Riviera, to Rome itself, not only the proud consciousness of his own superiority but a religious atmosphere of his own, and that the key by which he hopes to unlock the gate of salvation is a key of British manufacture. It is only in that part of the United Kingdom which, owing to linguistic and racial differences, has never been really Anglicised, that the sentiment has made little or no headway. Indeed, it is probable that the hostility with which the Church of England is regarded in Wales, fanned as it has been by Philistine journalists and foolish rhetoricians, is largely due to the fact that it is popularly regarded as an attempt to impose the Church of one nation upon the conscience of another.

To what, then, are we to attribute the progress which Disestablishment has made in this country? Twenty-five years ago the word was unknown to our language. It is now on everybody's lips.

It is gratuitously assumed by some advocates of a State Church that an age of spiritual activity is necessarily favourable to religious uniformity. The slightest acquaintance with past or contemporary history shows that the exact opposite is the fact. "To my mind," says Mr. Baring Gould—himself a clergyman of the Established Church—"nothing could proclaim more clearly the deadness of religious interest in a great people than the absence of dissent," and he quotes, as a proof that the German people have lost all appetite for spiritual truths, the *Statistik des Deutschen Reichs*, Vol. II., which "gives 0·20 as the proportion of Dissenters in the Empire, whereas 0·94 returned themselves as of no particular religion."* Nor should we forget that the age when the union of

* *Germany, Past and Present.* Vol. II., p. 166. The whole chapter on "Protestantism" is worth reading in connection with this part of the subject.

Church and State was part of the cardinal creed of most Englishmen was the age when men proved their devotion to Church and King by drinking themselves under the table—the age of divines who, like the parish priest in Crabbe's "Village," gave

"To fields the morning and to feasts the night"—

the age of Squire Western and Parson Trulliber. The eighteenth century was the century when Dissent was most unpopular in England. It was the century of strict conformity and loose morals —of mingled orthodoxy, infidelity, and profligacy—when Wesley was regarded as an enemy of the Church and Warburton as the ideal of a Christian Bishop. Instead of the hollow deference which accepted her dogmas without the faintest intention of putting them into practice, the Church to-day finds herself face to face with free inquiry, with remorseless criticism, with a standard of public and private morality which, compared with that of the last century, may be called Puritanical. In place of the languid apologists to whom the *via media* offered the safest solution of theological problems, she is torn by outbursts of religious enthusiasm, by controversial movements of the most opposite description. Is it surprising that the waters which slept peacefully enough in the stagnant pool should overflow their banks when lashed by the fury of the tempest? Indeed, it seems as if, just now, the Church of England, like many other institutions founded on a compromise, were threatened by a twofold danger. On the one hand its very comprehensiveness is a source of weakness. When the *Times* newspaper is forced to admit that "a clergyman of the Church of England may teach any doctrine which only extreme subtlety can distinguish from Roman Catholicism on the one hand, Calvinism on the other, and Deism on the third," men of ordinary intelligence may be pardoned for asking whether a Church held together by bonds so elastic deserves to be dignified by the name of a religious society. Like the Esquire Beadell at Cambridge, who, after having for thirty years heard every imaginable form of doctrine preached from the University pulpit, thanked God "that he was still a Christian," the perplexed believer in the Thirty-nine Articles is distracted by an excess of cross lights. On the other hand, every attempt to draw

the reins tighter, whether it take the form of the prosecution of a recalcitrant Bishop or the imprisonment of an obdurate rector, must, whatever be its issue, give rise to schisms, to dissensions, to secessions, calculated to shake the Establishment to its foundations. Indeed, as was shrewdly remarked the other day, the Church Association and the Church Union would between them have torn the Church of England to pieces before now if she had not been kept together by the pressure from without.

What, then, is this "pressure from without," and to what does it owe its force? Whether we like it or not, it is certain that England is becoming every day more democratic. The spread of education, the extension of the franchise, the growing demand for government "by the people and for the people," all point to the same conclusion. It would be strange if the Church of England alone of all existing institutions escaped this levelling process. The doctrine of unquestioning submission to our "spiritual pastors and masters" will soon, it is to be feared, become almost as obsolete as that of passive obedience to the Lord's Anointed; and the interesting young curate who, having just managed to squeeze himself into a pass or a poll degree, undertakes to solve the problem of Free Will from the pulpit in the course of five-and-twenty minutes has ceased to be the god even of feminine idolatry. Under these circumstances the desperate efforts of the Bishops and clergy to retain, at all costs, their control over the education of the young are both natural and significant. Not less instructive is the growth of a new theory of ecclesiastical polity which would have struck terror into the soul of Hooker. What is the recent movement for the admission of laymen to a share in the government of the Church—a movement which has given birth to that caricature of popular representation called the "House of Laymen"—but a concession to the democratic spirit of the age? Yet surely the work of fitting a living popular element into the rigid framework of a privileged hierarchy, founded upon the rock of authority, and having ascendency for its very *raison d'être*, would seem the most hopeless of undertakings. Nor is it without reason that so profound a thinker as Mr. Herbert Spencer declares that the "growing demand for the disestablishment of the Church of England is only the logical outcome of the Protestant theory."

Given full liberty of private judgment on religious questions, and the downfall of a dominant Church becomes only a question of time.

It is often urged against the advocates of Disestablishment that they are actuated by political motives and work for political ends. Indeed, the very name "Political Dissenter" has grown into a term of opprobrium. Yet it would be difficult to point to a single great movement which has succeeded in the world without becoming in part, at least, political; and it certainly cannot be said of the Church of England that either in the past or the present she has abjured the domain of politics. In fact it is difficult to see how an institution which, in its relation to the State, only exists by virtue of an Act of Parliament can be anything but political. It is, perhaps, for every reason unfortunate that on the great issues which have divided the people of this country into opposite camps the ministers of the Established Church should have linked their fortunes to those of the anti-popular side, and that the cry for Disestablishment in any form should have become the watchword of a party. If, as to say the least seems possible, the next general election should result in the return of a large Liberal majority, the Established Church is likely to fare somewhat badly at the hands of men to whom the parson is chiefly known as the mainstay of the nearest Primrose Habitation. But the real mischief lies far deeper. The true misfortune of a State Church is not that it should be the victim of an attack by one political faction, but that it should be the sport of political faction at all. Nor is this an evil which time is likely to mitigate. It is a mere truism to say that the House of Commons is becoming more and more the centre of political power in this country. The saying of Louis XIV., "L'État c'est moi," is almost as applicable to the popular branch of our Legislature, a fact which the advocates of a "State" Church are too apt to forget. On the face of it there seems something almost grotesque in the bare idea of entrusting the duty of legislating for a religious society to an assembly containing a large admixture of men who see in any proposal for its reform an opening for an attack not only upon its privileges but upon its existence. To charge Nonconformists—to whom Disestablishment is as much a matter of conscience as Church Defence is to Lord

Selborne himself—with the crime of seizing every available opportunity for giving effect to their convictions is to claim a monopoly not only of political sincerity, but of common honesty. The fault lies not in the men who adopt such tactics, but in the system which makes their adoption possible In an age when every member of Parliament was also a member of the Church of England that system was, at least, logically defensible. With a House of Commons as at present constituted it has become irrational. To many Churchmen the establishment of a lay or mixed tribunal of doubtful orthodoxy to decide questions of Church doctrine and discipline is a stumbling-block. To many more the appointment of a Jewish Lord Chancellor to administer the patronage of a Christian Church, which a few years ago very nearly became an accomplished fact, would have been a scandal. But what man in his senses will maintain that it is either wise or right to submit matters of Church polity to a mixed body composed not only of English Churchmen, but of Scotchmen and Irishmen—of Nonconformists and Roman Catholics, of Jews and Agnostics, of men of all religions and no religion? The position of an ecclesiastical corporation which cannot amend its constitution, collect its revenues, or revise its ritual, without having recourse to so motley a tribunal, is neither dignified nor secure. To thoughtful men it has become intolerable. What they refuse to see is that there is only one way out of it. The proposal seriously made by the Dean of Peterborough at the recent meeting of Churchmen in congress,* that "the procedure followed in railway Bills, by which Bills become law after lying a certain time on the table of the House," should be applied to Bills affecting the Church, shows to what pitiful straits the advocates of a Church claiming to be at once State-supported and self-governed have been reduced. It is not surprising that in view of such a dilemma many Churchmen more logical, but scarcely more

* Reported in the *Times* of February 7th, 1890. A singular instance of the confusion of thought which prevails on this subject occurs in the speech of Canon Jacob at this meeting, who is reported to have said that "there was no reason why in this country a system should not be established similar to that which existed in the sister Church of America, where in its Triennial Conventions and Diocesan Conventions, in which the laity had their full share, the Church enjoyed the fullest powers of self-government." The speaker apparently forgot that the "sister Church of America" is a free Church.

honest, should be prepared to welcome Disestablishment if they could reap its benefits without accepting its burthens. Obviously, however, the terms on which they desire this relief are such as no English statesman could now entertain. If Disestablishment without disendowment was ever feasible, the Irish precedent has made it an impossibility; while the old cry of "robbery and sacrilege" falls with a somewhat hollow sound on the ears of a generation which acquiesced in the great settlement of 1869.

It is in no spirit of hostility to the Church of England that I have ventured to make these observations. No friend, I will not say of religion, but of humanity, desires to see the hand of an institution to which the country has owed so much crippled or paralysed. But if it be true that

> "The old order changeth yielding to the new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,"

it is surely time to acknowledge that there are forces at work, both in the Church and in the State, which are very slowly but very surely dissolving the bonds which unite the one to the other. In the meantime the doctrine so sedulously promulgated from half the pulpits of England and Wales, that our national Christianity is bound up in the existence of a State Church, is refuted by the experience not only of those parts of the Empire in which the Establishment has never existed, or has ceased to exist, but by the fact that nearer home Nonconformists are, in many places, doing the work with which the most richly endowed Church in the world has failed to grapple. Indeed, there is abundant evidence to show that voluntary effort, upon which the Church herself is driven to rely in those large centres of industry where the State has made no provision for the spiritual wants of the myriads who are springing into existence, and where the parochial system has notoriously broken down, is being dulled and blunted by contact with the secular element. A Church which clings with one hand to the power and profit secured to her by a union with the State, while she holds out the other to receive the contributions of the faithful, is in a false position; and a Christian community never shows to so little

advantage as when it is fighting for the loaves and fishes. The intense bitterness which the proposal to disestablish the Church in Wales has awakened, both in and out of the Principality, may be inevitable, but it is neither profitable nor edifying; and the true friends of the Church of England would show more prudence as well as more courage if, instead of adopting the policy of the ostrich and refusing to read the signs of the times, they resolutely set themselves to face the inexorable logic of facts.

G. OSBORNE MORGAN.

THE LOVES OF CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

THREE women rendered famous by the love of one man.

When the lover is no less a man than Châteaubriand it is natural enough to desire to see how far these feminine individualities came up to René's* standard—how far they answered his ideal of womanhood.

As Madame de Beaumont's name stands side by side with René's in the earlier days of his career, she must be the first of his "*amies*" to claim our attention. Born in 1770, the very year the young Dauphine Marie Antoinette made her entry into France, Pauline Marie Ulrique Michelle Frédérique de Montmorin was descended from one of the oldest families in Auvergne, whose courage and wit she inherited.

Before he became a member of the Ministry that preceded the Necker combination, the Comte de Montmorin had filled a post at Court where he had been thrown daily in the society of the Comte de Beaumont. M. de Montmorin had a daughter, M. de Beaumont had a son; the two fathers made up a match between their children in 1786, and in 1788 the husband and wife parted.

The comparatively recent death of M. de Beaumont, which took place at Mantes, near Paris, in 1855, is sufficient evidence that, whatever may have been the vicissitudes of his career, regret at leaving his wife certainly did not tend to shorten his existence, for the separation took place when he was twenty-five, and he had reached the ripe age of ninety-four when he died. No sooner was Madame de Beaumont separated from her husband than she rushed off to Coppet, where, according to Joubert's remark: "Corinne déjà ne vivait plus que pour causer!"

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* "René," which is the title of one of Châteaubriand's most famous works, was also one of his own Christian names.

After the affair of Varennes, M. de Montmorin was beheaded, and the same fate was shared by his son—a very *chérubin* of twenty-two summers, who died devoutly kissing a bit of blue ribbon belonging to an *inconnue!*

So long as the tumult of the street did not come between question and answer, the pleasant flow of talk went on in Paris *salons.* People conversed as Montaigne and La Boëtie had done through the din of the wars of religion, and as social intercourse also had subsisted through the disturbances of the Fronde. "L'esprit Français" always rises above mere events. The intellectual orchestra that surrounded Madame de Beaumont was brilliant above all. Among the "soloists" were such distinguished men as Condorcet, Diderot, l'Abbé Galiani, and the Chéniers. The leaders were Helvetius, Hollbach, and Trudaine; and in the charming group of admiring interlocutors were to be seen Madame de Gouy D'Arcy, the lively Madame Hocquart, and *tutti quanti.* It was at a supper with these wits, where Condorcet was presiding and speaking in glowing terms of an approaching "Age of Gold," that Madame de Beaumont exclaimed: "As we listen to you, Monsieur le Marquis, we are filled with despair at the thought that we cannot be our own descendants!"

Two years later the unfortunate Condorcet, whom Mdlle. de Lespinasse described as "a volcano covered with snow," fell a victim to the passions of that "humanity," to whose deepest interests he had devoted his life.

The revolutionary storm was raging, and the horrors of the guillotine, *la Lanterne,* secret massacres, and open sequestration, had induced at last a relative degree of silence even in talkative Paris. Many fled the country and carried into other lands that French *verve* which neither the great Catherine of Russia nor Frederick II. could dispense with.

Bowed down with sorrow, shrouded in fourfold mourning, having lost father, mother, sisters, and brothers, Madame de Beaumont returned to Coppet, where, in 1797, she met Châteaubriand for the first time. "You are amongst a set of people," Joubert wrote to Pauline, "who run after every cloud and are carried away by every wind, of which they are the mere playthings. You have

been spoiled in this vortex, but you will recover your equanimity." The real cloud that was hovering over Joubert's horizon was René, as Joubert silently loved Pauline; and it must be admitted that Madame de Beaumont made no effort to avoid that cloud, for no sooner had she met him than she wrote to Madame de Vintimille: "M. de Châteaubriand's style thrills every fibre of my being."

She was evidently fired with admiration from the first, but the fire smouldered for about three years. Separated by the course of events, it was not till 1800 that (introduced by M. de Fontanes, one of the Emperor's Ministers, and Grand Master of the University of France,) M. de Châteaubriand first crossed the threshold of the house in the Rue Luxembourg where Madame de Beaumont resided. In her sanctum the second volume of her life's history began. Pauline's first *salon* had been open to the Encyclopædists and to their precursors. In her second *salon* the survivors of emigration, ruined, but not grown wiser than before, assembled. They did not meet to discuss politics or to form an opposition, as at Madame Récamier's house later on, or at the Duchesse de Broglie's still later, in the days of the Restoration. They met merely to converse, just as formerly the guests of Madame du Deffand and Madame d'Épinay had assembled, and as no one has "conversed" since a passion for politics has supplanted intellectual and literary passions in France.

At a time when Ballanche, Chênedollé, Joubert, and other men of their calibre sat through Madame de Beaumont's "*cinq heures*," they met to discuss Art—Corinne's last work, Châteaubriand's latest book, the last painting by Gros or Gérard, the newest opera by Paër or Méhul; to analyse Joubert's last thought, or to talk over the heroes in *Atala*. To those truly French *coteries* such subjects were justly considered to be full of significance and importance; just as they had formerly been at Auteuil* and Ferney —assemblages of master-minds which will certainly hold, in the annals of the future, a less perishable fame than will be accorded to

* The *coterie* at Auteuil was in the seventeenth century what that at Ferney was in the eighteenth. On the heights of Passy and Auteuil, Boileau, Racine, Molière, Chapelain, and others of their stamp were grouped like satellites around brilliant planets.

a Ministry fallen before it is known, or a law that perishes before it is enforced.

As to the decorations and accessories of the drawing-rooms in which the *causeries* took place, whether at Madame de Beaumont's or in the *salon* of the Vicomtesse Juste de Noailles, they were of the simplest description—white dimity curtains to the windows, cane-seated chairs, a polished floor guiltless of any carpet, and *eau sucrée.* "Who is rich among us?" was the question in good society. It certainly was not M. de Châteaubriand, for when he joined Madame de Beaumont in 1800 the modest rent of the rooms he had occupied in the *Quartier des Ternes* was paid by his two friends, M. de Lamoignon and Mrs. Lindsay.

At the time when M. de Châteaubriand renewed his acquaintance with Pauline he was between twenty-five and twenty-eight years of age. His temperament was nervous, his figure about middle height, with a slight inequality in his shoulders. His brow seemed heavily weighted with thought; his eyes were splendid, and their expression bright and genial. He, who was about to renew for Pauline the emotional impressions produced three years before, found no change in her except in the matured grace and more rounded "contours," that gave more of feminine outline to a shape that had formerly been too ethereal! In other respects she remained just as she is represented in the beautiful portrait of her exhibited in the *Exposition du Siècle** ten years ago—with large and searching brown eyes, a firm mouth, and that smile upon her lips the secret of which, according to M. de Vogüé, "the women who lived before the Revolution took away with them." Her complexion was pale, her carriage easy and dignified; and if to these personal advantages we add the charm of a gentle voice, betraying deep feeling and capable of great flexibility, it will not be difficult to understand how attractive she must have been.

Until her meeting with Châteaubriand, Madame de Beaumont's

*An exhibition of all the masters of the nineteenth century took place ten years ago at the Beaux Arts in Paris. M. le Vicomte de Vogüé, a new Academician but already a famous writer, devoted an admirable article to it in the *Revue des deux Mondes.* M. de Vogüé added charity to talent, and gave the proceeds of the sale of his article (issued in pamphlet form, and eagerly bought up by an admiring public) to the object for which the exhibition was held.

life had been full of sorrow. With a temperament like hers there is no state of transition, and in short lives there is no room for the weary process of waiting. Pauline passed at once from the sorrow caused by sad memories to the anguish caused by love—with a short taste of Paradise between the two!

So soon as love began to absorb her mind her *salon* ceased to interest her; she cared no longer to receive even her intimate friends, before whom she must veil the love that flashed in her eyes, in whose presence she must modulate the impassioned tones of her voice, and conform to social restraints. In one of those transports of passionate devotion—such as impelled Héloïse to write to Abelard: "I should glory in publishing my shame. To be thy mistress is my dearest ambition"—Madame de Beaumont determined to devote herself more entirely to the man who already possessed her heart and soul. She rented a hermitage at Savigny-sur-Orge, where none except Chênedollé, Madame Joubert, and her husband were admitted. There it was that Joubert played, in the grandest way conceivable, the part of Antiochus* in Racine's *Bérénice*.

Deeply attached to Pauline, and at the same time an excellent husband, Joubert turned his passion into a means of securing the happiness of her who inspired it. In the delicate task and sacrifice of bringing Pauline and Châteaubriand nearer together, Joubert reserved for himself only the supreme delights of self-abnegation. The bitterest effects of such a sacrifice were experienced, however, when Joubert realised that Pauline was to René merely the means of literary inspiration.

At the end of six months spent in her paradise at Savigny Pauline wrote to Joubert: "I see him; I hear his voice when I awake; we wander through the forest together; every spot where our love has found expression is called after names that were dear to Chactas and Céluta."†

As the six months of Eden drew to a close, the knell of Pauline's hopes was sounded, in the usual way, and the word

* In the tragedy of *Bérénice* Antiochus, who adores Bérénice, brings Titus to her, and only realises the uselessness of his self-sacrifice when he sees Titus abandon Bérénice at the end of the play.

† Personages in *Atala* and the *Génie du Christianisme*.

" career " was her death-blow—that word ! one of the cleverest of men's inventions for breaking a woman's heart. It was more especially apt in M. de Châteaubriand's case, as at that moment already his " career " in life seemed to be simply that of making love to Delphine de Custine.*

Except for the love they both felt for Châteaubriand, nothing could be more opposite than the natures of Pauline de Beaumont and Delphine de Custine. Some idea of this diversity will be gathered from the following incident. Madame de Custine, who had passed through the Reign of Terror unmoved, was completely cast down when threatened with poverty. Fervaques † had been sequestered, together with all Madame de Custine's worldly goods. Boissy d'Anglas and Fouché interceded on her behalf, and Fervaques was restored to her. Pauline, on the contrary, cared nothing for fortune ; pecuniary troubles never disturbed her peace of mind. She was entirely wrapt up in sentimental considerations, and it was only through her emotions that any external incident could touch her. It is not, perhaps, without interest, in studying the character of Châteaubriand, to note that it was towards the end of his stay at Savigny that René met Delphine in Paris. While Pauline was still under the spell of her illusion, he addressed notes to Madame de Custine in the following style : " I leave you—I am more madly in love than ever—to-morrow is much too far off ! " But, as we have said, the knell of Pauline's short-lived happiness had tolled.

When the days were growing shorter and November fogs were darkening the sky, Pauline sat wrapt in her grief. She foresaw the blow that was about to fall, and the conviction that she had not

* Delphine de Sabran, who married later Phillippe de Custine, lost her husband by the guillotine at the age of twenty-two. She was allowed to bid adieu to her husband in the Conciergerie, and the scene was heartrending. The pair remained clasped in one another's arms for three hours. When the gaolers separated them they were both seized with hysterical laughter that nothing could calm. After her husband's death Delphine received the following letter from him : " I slept for nine hours, my dear wife. I only hope you have passed as calm a night as I have. I want your love—but I do not want you to suffer—I forgive everyone. Reward the person who will give you my hair ! " Such a letter is the best commentary on him who wrote it and on her to whom it was addressed. See the admirable work on Delphine de Custine by M. Bardoux, as Minister of Public Instruction. One vol. 8vo. Calmann Levy, Paris.

† The estate belonging to the Custines.

long to live enabled her to bear it. Whatever torture her heart might now suffer, she thought, the pain would soon be over, as she felt sure death was at hand.

"I have asked to be appointed *Attaché d Ambassade* at Rome on account of Madame de Beaumont's state of health," wrote René; and however prompt in self-deception a selfish man may be, however ingenious his subterfuges, there is no reason to doubt that Châteaubriand wrote the above in perfect good faith, and that he deceived himself as to his feelings towards Pauline.

From the following note, however, that René addressed to an intimate friend towards the end of his stay at Savigny, we are inclined to believe that there was now more of remorse than anxiety in Châteaubriand's solicitude for Pauline's health: "I am surrounded by domestic worries—do help me out of this fearful mess"—(tirez-moi de ce bourbier là)—wrote René, frankly confessing his annoyance. "The domestic worries" referred to the fact that Châteaubriand had been compelled to resume his residence with his wife, at all events for a few months—a circumstance he hints at somewhat ironically in the last pages of the *Génie du Christianisme:* "Pressé par les deux vieillards René était retourné vivre chez son épouse, mais sans y retrouver le bonheur."

After her "idol" had started for Rome, Pauline remained in Paris, plunged in grief; and the moral and physical fever that consumed her seemed to be hastening her end. "I am losing my health," she writes in her journal, "and alas! my imaginings are increased with illness. After all, why should I desire to live? The past is full of misery and regret, now I am deprived of happiness; and I shall never forget what I once had." Guesneau de Mussy,* who saw Pauline frequently at this time, and was much interested in her, made a psychological and philosophical diagnosis of her case. "The springs of life are dried up," he writes. "Her strength is mere excitability; her mind is still full of charm, but resembles that flickering flame that rises from dying embers. I dread the

* The Guesneau de Mussy are a long-descended family of doctors dating from Henri IV. "Guesneau sur sa mule" was mentioned by Boileau. Madame de Beaumont's friend here mentioned is the father of the Dr. Guesneau de Mussy at present attached to M. le Comte de Paris and the Royal Family.

effect of the journey she contemplates to Mont d'Or, after which I know she means to proceed to the "Département du Tibre!"

The voyage to Mont d'Or was undertaken only to enable her to gain strength for the journey to Rome. In September, 1803, about four months after Guesneau's diagnosis, she started for Italy, so ill, so painfully altered, that her travelling companions feared she must die on the road, even at such an early stage of the journey as Fontainebleau.

But this physical suffering was not all—far from it. She had still to endure agonies of mind and heart. Indulging in vain hopes, she thought René would hasten to meet her at Turin, and that "the same voice she loved to hear at Savigny would greet her in Italy." But René never stirred! On the contrary, he waited calmly in Rome for the arrival of the too devoted woman, coming to die near him. "Je mourrai près de lui sans bruit," was one of the thoughts she had been heard so often to express, and which now was being borne out by events. When a Pauline de Beaumont endeavours to conceal her dying agony for the sake of sparing a René he requites her devotion with indifference and complains of the "trouble" he is overwhelmed by. Such are the modes by which the hard force of things tramples down ideality. The idol was but clay after all! but the discovery of it annihilated Pauline. Still, as we said in the beginning, when a woman's love is bestowed on a René or an Abelard, posterity grants what the lover denied—they are one for immortality. Divided in life they are united by fame. That which Pauline so earnestly desired did not come to her unsolicited. René went as far as Florence to meet her, but only in answer to her urgent entreaties.

Some lingering illusions and perhaps, too, the climate of Rome, caused Pauline's health to improve a little, and though the tinge of colour on her cheeks was but a hectic flush, she retained her gracefulness to the last. The joys of Savigny had fled. However, René remained near her still, but his "career" made his visits more hurried, less frequent. There were "serious" claims upon his time, "duties of State" to be performed; and he pleaded hollow excuses—weapons of torture with which men at the end of a *liaison* break a woman's heart. Towards the end of October René's indifference

and the ravages of illness had done their work, and, accelerated by a chill caught one evening at the Coliseum, Pauline de Beaumont's death took place on November 4th, 1803. René, warned only at the last moment that her end was near, arrived just in time to catch one loving glance, to receive one fond embrace.

We have sketched the story of two women. We must now say a few words about Madame de Duras.

To René, Rome formed a diversion after Savigny, and as he desired to carry out Madame de Staël's precept—" L'Amour seul nous enseigne le beau "—Châteaubriand set himself to learn the mysteries of art from Madame de Custine, who since the last day of Pauline's illness had been staying in Rome. After Rome he continued his studies at Athens, this time with Madame de Mouchy.* Then tired of Madame de Mouchy, who was lovely as a dream, he devoted himself to Nathalie de Kersaint, Duchesse de Duras.

According to her own estimation, Madame de Duras was ugly and in her novel *Ourika*—a sad but subtle psychological analysis —the author's curiously emotional nature is betrayed. *Ourika* is a confession of sorrow and agony. In the eyes of other people however, Madame de Duras was a "*jolie laide !*"

Now, when a *jolie laide* is endowed with wit and gifted with plenty of sense, her empire is likely to last; but when she has wit and a sensitive heart her power will be as ephemeral as beauty. Love being mostly a pleasure, deep feeling on the part of one of the lovers too often dooms it to death.

Madame de Duras was in a far better position than either of her predecessors, thanks to her great wealth. Still she was no happier than they; her literary talents, however, enabling her to pour into the public ear her overflow of self, relieved her.

Her father was Kersaint, of the Convention, who had stopped short of being a regicide, and Nathalie's worldly position was considerably affected by his political opinions. At first people looked

* Previous to his journey to Athens, Châteaubriand went to Fervaques to take leave of Madame de Custine. "He spent a fortnight with me; he was divine. He is starting for a long journey. I feel that this is our final separation," she wrote, and her presentiment was fulfilled.

askance at the daughter of a member of the Convention, all the more because he was connected with the nobility. But as Madame de Duras took no side, either in quarrels or reconciliations, her *salon* soon began to fill and to take an important political and literary standing.

The love between Nathalie and René had commenced in a correspondence. She consulted the *Génie*, as Delphine de Custine used to call him, and in giving advice to the authoress the "Genius" fell in love with his pupil. Madame de Duras' passion shared the same fate as that of her predecessors—like them she loved and was abandoned. She felt a distant coolness in his manner take the place of his former ardour; still, his neglect failed to kill her as it had Pauline. She survived, and so did her love. But those who, like M. Villemain, witnessed this painful survival of an affection no longer reciprocated, were inclined to believe that Nathalie de Duras was perhaps the most unhappy of the three famous victims of this "Genius."

Though Madame de Custine never *forgot*, she took up the thread of her life again so well that six or eight years later she was on the point of marrying Canova! "But," wrote her son Astolphe, "Canova obtained the title of Marquis and all was over between them. My mother would have been proud to become the wife of Canova the sculptor, but not of Canova the 'Marquis.'" Through the irony of fate the most generous natures are attracted towards the most selfish ones, and through the laws of nature, which are independent of genius, such women as Pauline de Beaumont and Nathalie de Duras are attracted towards cold, selfish beings as strongly as a mountain torrent is impelled to lose itself in the lake below. It is the lot of most Portias to love Bassanios!

Out of this law arose the unhappiness of the three women whose association with Châteaubriand's life we have so briefly sketched. But their unhappiness was only relative, and perhaps not one of them would have considered even Paradise a compensation for the loss of all the joy and pain of love's experience.

As René's famous remark, "*Ma douleur fait bien ici*," after Pauline's death, was not the last *mot* of his cynicism, we must quote what he said on the death of Madame de Custine twenty years

after his rupture with her. Perhaps the memory of his neglect added a momentary tenderness to his feelings.

One night at Lausanne, when René *lay sleepless* (probably an invention to give interest to the story), he was attracted to the window of his room by a deafening noise of carriage-wheels. A funeral was passing down the street. The moonlight fell in sheets of silver on a coffin hurried noisily to its last resting-place, as if she who lay within it wished to recall herself once more to René's recollection—"I heard, last night, Madame de Custine's coffin carried through the streets of Lausanne. She is to be interred at Fervaques," wrote René. "The last time I saw her she was as pale as one of the Fates. Attired in deep mourning, her figure emaciated by illness, her head bent under the weight of her silken tresses, she smiled at me; and her parted lips showed her still startlingly white teeth—and then she went to die at Bex!"

That was all! Too much, and yet how little! For once Châteaubriand's much vaunted discretion is nothing less than a sad confession. He speaks of her pallor, her emaciation, her beautiful teeth, her appearance, her "body"! There is but one form of true love, and its sincerity makes it divine. Whether it be bestowed on an ordinary mortal or on a man like Châteaubriand, it is all the same. High-souled love is often gifted with genius—a genius that love itself creates; oftener still, however, genius owes its highest flights, its noblest inspirations, to love alone. The Châteaubriands of this world write for posterity, the Paulines love and die, yet they both survive in men's thoughts and memories, and still hold their own places in the domain of letters, never to be divided.

YETTA BLAZE DE BURY.

LAND PURCHASE FOR IRELAND.

THE attempt to convert Irish agricultural tenants into owners, begun by the Ashbourne Act, and proposed to be greatly extended by Mr. Balfour's Bill, is, in my opinion, unsound and vicious. It cannot settle the Irish land question or make such settlement easier. It does not lead toward but away from any permanent settlement. Its purpose is not to do justice or even to advance towards justice, but to sustain injustice.

Any such scheme is well characterised by Michael Davitt as a landlords' relief Bill. It is also a landlords' defence Bill. To give to certain of the Irish agricultural landlords, from Imperial credit, a higher price than they could get for their estates from private buyers in the open market, is but one of its features. It proposes that the Imperial Government shall again sell these estates in small parcels to the tenants, thus giving a fresh legislative sanction to the principle of private ownership of land, and establishing around the large owners still left a bodyguard of small owners.

It is not strange that under existing conditions the wiser Irish landlords want to sell out, nor that those who prefer to retain their estates, and who yet hope for a return of the days when the right of a man to "do as he pleased with his own" was unquestioned, should wish to secure such a defence as that which French peasants, the nominal owners of two or three mortgaged acres, form to holdings like the six hundred thousand acre Rothschild estate. But why should they be gratified at the expense and risk of the British taxpayer?

The root of Irish social and political difficulties is the injustice which makes Irish land the exclusive property of some of the Irish people and denies to the rest of the Irish people all legal right to

live or work in Ireland save as they buy or beg it of the favoured class. This injustice is not in any matter of quality or numbers. It is not that the Irishmen to whom Irish land is legally given are bad Irishmen, and the Irishmen to whom all legal right in Irish land is denied are good Irishmen. It is not that the one class go abroad and continue to draw rent, while the other class, when they go, continue to send remittances. It is not that the landed are few and the landless many. It is that some Irishmen, whether few or many, bad or good, are given legal rights which natural justice denies them, and that other Irishmen, whether bad or good, few or many, are legally denied rights which natural justice gives them.

This injustice cannot be cured by substituting one set of land-owners for another set; a larger number for a smaller number. Nor yet could it be more than momentarily cured by equally dividing Ireland among the whole population.

Such a division is, of course, impracticable in this stage of civilisation. But ignoring this, let us imagine that the Imperial Parliament were to buy out the Irish landlords, or to set them aside by such a declaration as it has constitutional and moral right to make, and then to divide the land equally among the whole people in fee simple. How long would equality continue? Why, from the moment that equality had been thus attained a tendency to inequality would appear. Children would continue to be born and in different proportions in different families; emigration and immigration would continue to go on, and the changes in the centring of population would change the relative value of land. Some people would be so dissipated and improvident that they would quickly sell their portions without thought of the consequences. Some would be unable to profitably use the little pieces they had received, and others would need more than their share for profitable use. Some would see or would imagine that they could make more profitable use of the capital that the selling of their shares would give them than they could of the land itself; others, in real or imaginary need, would soon incur mortgages which in the great majority of cases would end in final sale or foreclosure. The general conditions continuing which make land the most secure of investments, the fact that land can be sold at the equivalent of a much lower rate of

interest than money can be borrowed for by those who need small amounts, acting with persistent force behind these and similar causes, must quickly bring about a new concentration of land ownership, which would again make the landowners few and the landless many.

How futile any such attempt to secure equality would be—how even more clearly futile must be any attempt to establish an Irish peasant proprietary—may be seen from the fact, stated by Macaulay, that at the time of the accession of James II. the majority of English farmers were owners of the land they tilled; by the fact that the number of French peasant proprietors is steadily diminishing, although the habits, customs, and traditions of the French peasants are much more favourable to the permanence of small properties than are those of the Irish; and especially by the fact that in the United States, where we started with a closer approach to equality in the division of land than in a country like Ireland is now attainable, a process of concentration has been steadily going on which is rapidly turning the great mass of our people into tenants.

It is evident that equality as to the first of all natural needs and the most fundamental of all natural rights cannot be attained by any division of the land among the people. But land legislation for Ireland does not even attempt this. It proposes nothing for the labourers, the artisans, the operatives—for the great mass of the people of Ireland. They are still to be denied all legal right to the natural basis of life. They are still to be left without legal right in their "native land," save that of "moving on" in the streets and highways and of going to the workhouse when unable to pay rent. In short, all that this scheme proposes is to bribe some thousands of the disinherited to leave the popular side and come over to that of the landowning class, by giving them some little share in the plundering of the masses—by making them for a while at least a little better off than their fellows.

Nor is this to be done at the expense of the landlords. The Irish landlords are to give up no part of their possessions to secure the rest. They are not to be at the expense of enlisting the army of small owners which, while it may last, is to furnish them with a defence. What the landlords give up they are to be paid

for. The expense of converting agricultural tenants into landowners is to be borne, not by them, but by the British taxpayer. He is the god in the machine who is to make possible a purchase and sale in which the seller gets without the buyer giving.

Consider this scheme from the standpoint of its advocates. Certain landlords are to be bought out. They are to receive the value of their land. Certain tenants are to get this land; are to succeed to all the legal rights, and in fact to even more than the present legal rights for abandoning which the landlords are to be paid. But they are to pay nothing. That is to say, they are to get the ownership of the land by paying for a term of years a sum less than they now pay for the mere use of the land. Their rent is to be reduced and the ownership of the land thrown in. This giving to the seller without taking from the buyer; this transfer of the ownership of land from one class to another class without loss or cost to anybody; this paying off the landlord, reducing the rent to the tenant, and at the same time making him the owner, is to be accomplished by the magic of Government credit. If this can be done without loss to somebody, then the philosopher's stone has indeed been found, and the secret of perpetual motion is no longer to be despaired of. But is there not injustice, and gross injustice, in confining the benefits of this wonderful discovery to one small class? Who are the Irish agricultural tenants that they alone of all the people of Ireland—nay, of all the people of the United Kingdom—should be permitted to profit by it? What is Government credit that its wonderful properties of bringing something out of nothing should be used for the benefit of Irish agricultural tenants alone? Is it not the credit of the whole people? Does it not depend upon the power to tax—to take from the earnings of all the Queen's subjects? Is there not, then, the grossest injustice in applying it for the benefit of any one class, while other classes are denied equal benefits from it? If the credit of the whole is to be used for the benefit of individuals, where in justice can a stop be made? Why are not the tenants of the towns as much entitled to be made in this easy way the owners of the houses they now rent as the tenants of the agricultural districts are to be made the owners of their farms? Why should not opera-

tives be made in this way the owners of factories, fishermen of boats, seamen of ships, clerks of shops, and costermongers of donkeys? Why, in short, should not every one who would like to own what he is now hiring, or could show a presumption of profitably using more capital in any reputable business, be thus provided for by the use of the Government credit? Take that most useful and deserving class, the cab-drivers of the cities. They now mostly hire their cabs and horses, paying for them in London some fifteen or sixteen shillings a day. Could it not be readily demonstrated, on paper at least, that by borrowing at 3 per cent. and investing in cabs, horses, stables, and feed, the Imperial Government could rent such cabs to the drivers for ten or twelve shillings a day, and yet out of this set aside a sinking fund that would, in a very short time, enable it to make the driver a present of a cab and the necessary horses?

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was chairman of one of the Commissions for discovering how poverty can be relieved without touching its cause. Before him, some time ago, according to a newspaper report, appeared a witness who proposed that the Government should lend every agricultural labourer £20 to buy a cow. But he was quickly hushed to abashed silence by Mr. Chamberlain, who asked why, if the Government was to go into the business of lending agricultural labourers money to buy cows, it should not also go into the business of lending journeymen bakers money to buy flour and start bakeries. The man could not answer.

Would not Mr. Chamberlain be struck with similar silence if asked why the Government should go into the business of lending agricultural tenants money to buy farms and refuse to go into the business of lending agricultural labourers money to buy cows? He is too good a man of business to say that there is a risk of depreciation in cows, and no risk of depreciation in land. He is too logical to say that any difference of risk is more than a matter of insurance, or to contend that it altered the principle. Yet, if I am rightly informed, he is a supporter of this Irish tenants' gift enterprise, and has even proposed to extend it to England and Scotland. How he can reconcile this with his objection to buying cows for labourers

I am puzzled to know, unless it be that he deems the landowning class the sacred white elephant of British superstition, for whose sake even the floodgates of State Socialism must be thrown open.

Between the use of national credit in providing farmers with farms and the use of national credit in providing all citizens with capital no line can be drawn by saying that land is of a different species from capital. The distinction between the things produced from land by labour, which alone are properly embraced in the category of wealth, and land itself, is indeed clear. The one species can be brought forth without limit by human exertion ; the other is fixed in quantity by nature. The one tends to decrease in value as material progress cheapens the cost of production ; the other steadily rises in value as population increases and the arts advance. The one tends constantly to decay and to return again to the reservoirs of nature ; the other remains while men come and go ; it is the standing place, the workshop, the reservoir, of generation after generation. The existence of the one is due to man's activity ; the other was here before man came, and, so far as we can see, will be here after man and all his works shall disappear. Ownership in the one springs from the right of the individual to himself, to the use of his own powers and the fruits of his own exertions ; it is essential to the production of wealth and the advance of civilisation. Ownership in the other springs only from appropriation and force. It is an impairment of the right of the individual to himself. It compels him to use his powers for others, to give his exertions, or the fruits of his exertions to others, for permission to use what nature clearly intended as fully for him as for them. There is and there can be no other foundation of the right of property than the right of the producer to the thing he produces. The individual ownership of land is a denial of this right. It compels the producer to share his produce with the non-producer.

There is, in short, as clear a distinction between the right of property in the things produced by labour from land, and the right of property in land itself, as there is between the right of property in a fish pulled from the ocean, and the right of property in the ocean ; between the ownership of a cow, and the ownership of the planet. But this distinction the Ashbourne Act and Mr. Balfour's Bill in

no way recognise. The distinction is as true of town land as of agricultural land, of that which supports houses and factories as of that which bears cows and crops. But while these purchase schemes only propose to deal with some part of the agricultural land, instead of with all land, they propose to deal with that in a way that positively as well as negatively ignores this distinction. They propose to recognise titles to the individual ownership of Ireland by purchasing them of one set of people, and then to give to them a fresh Governmental endorsement by nominally selling, but in reality donating them, to another set of people.

The source of all Irish difficulties is the violation of the principle of equal rights. This Irish land legislation is an attempt to protect a fundamental injustice for a little longer by a fresh violation of the principle. Its true character is somewhat masked by the fact that, while its ostensible beneficiaries are a certain class of Irishmen, the risk is put on the Imperial taxpayer. If I can judge of the popular feeling in Ireland by that of those of its representatives I have talked with, it is that the tenants will never be forced to pay, and that the buying out of the landlords and the handing over of their farms to the tenants is but an instalment of the national obligation which Great Britain owes to Ireland on account of centuries of wrong and oppression. In some sort, also, this feeling is appealed to in Great Britain in support of the measure; and the newly-awakened consciousness that Ireland has been badly treated disposes many Englishmen to regard the money called for by the scheme as a national payment on account of a national wrong.

But if the principle be admitted that the wrongs of the past are to be compensated in the present, where is the thing to stop? Are Irish tenants the only people in the three kingdoms whose present poverty may be traced to past robbery? It might be worth the while of the well-to-do classes to consider how much of all that they possess would be left them by the taxation that would be necessary to make even a beginning in the payment of such a bill.

And there is one class especially who might find it worth while to consider what is involved in the proposition (for that it must finally amount to) to assume as a part of the national debt the

capitalised value of the incomes that the landowners at present get in rent. The rapid increase of public debts is surely and swiftly bringing a day when it will be asked by what authority one generation is called on to pay obligations incurred by its predecessors, and whence class governments, which will have been repudiated, derived power for ever to bind the masses to pay the costs of their own oppression. Will it add to the stability of the British debt to convert landowners into bondholders?

It is now almost ten years since the late Professor Cairnes wrote to me, expressing his astonishment that, as he was pleased to express it, a man of my ability and acquirements should deliberately propose to expropriate landowners without compensation. In replying, I took occasion to express my own astonishment—and it was a real astonishment—that in the face of a great and pressing problem such men as he should have nothing better to propose than the lame and unprincipled schemes for dealing with the Irish land question that were then being discussed in Great Britain. And I told him that, in my opinion, the future would show that such timid, go-nowhere measures would, without settling anything, result in more difficulty, more danger, and, even to the landowning class, more loss and suffering, than could possibly flow from the simple, just, and radical plan which seemed to him so outrageous, of taking ground values for the use of the community and remitting all other taxes.

What has occurred since then shows that I was right. In the name of law and in resistance to the law, the rights of persons and of property have been violated. With one hand the Government has filled prisons with men whom the people love and honour, and with the other it has broken contracts and interfered to fix prices. There has been violation of all the guarantees of freedom, of all the principles of good government. There have been disorder, tumult, insecurity, outrage, deep and wide-spread suffering, and the awakening and intensification of bitter passions. The poorer and weaker of the landlord class have been crushed out; the richer and stronger have been deprived of a great part of their revenues; the flower of the population, the very bone and sinew of national strength, has been driven in hundreds of thousands beyond the seas. Yet the

Irish land question has not been settled, nor has any advance been made towards its settlement.

The proposal to buy out the Irish landlords in favour of the Irish tenants is but of a piece with the policy that has had this result. It can settle nothing. It can only give rise to new difficulties and fresh dangers. Instead of attempting to substitute justice for injustice, its aim is merely the substitution of one privileged class for another privileged class, and its means involve the admission of principles the most dangerous. "They strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

It is too late for any such measure to stop or even to retard the movement for the restoration to the British people of their rights in their native land. The present Government have doubtless command of enough Parliamentary votes to appropriate any sum they elect to ask for. They may thus create fresh difficulties in Ireland, but in doing this they will give an enormous impetus to the progress of Radical ideas in Great Britain.

HENRY GEORGE.

EXILED TO THE ARCTIC ZONE.

SIBERIA, the land of the exiles, is a vast country with many climates, many soils, and many towns, which are all places of punishment for those whom the Master of all the Russias and the commander of millions of soldiers deems dangerous to his power.

George Kennan has described to the indignant world our exile system as a whole. I will not retrace his steps in speaking of that national calamity of ours. My object is to say a few words about the exile into the far North not visited by Kennan, where the exiles have to undergo not merely complete intellectual isolation, but a series of most cruel physical and material sufferings, which make that form of arbitrary punishment just as heavy as, if not heavier than, the hard labour in the mines.

Let me tell the reader the story of one of the early settlers in that inhospitable region, a certain Zalessky, a land surveyor in the province of Kursk. In 1877 he was arrested on the charge of having distributed a few Socialist pamphlets, and exiled without trial to Verko-Yansk, a village in latitude 67° 34′, numbering 290 inhabitants, wretchedly poor, and completely savage. In that awful place, where he was at that time the only educated man, Zalessky remained *for full eight years* without a book, without a newspaper, without a letter, suffering from the terrible Arctic cold, from hunger, and want. It was not the cruelty of the gendarmes which inflicted so dire a punishment for so trifling an offence; we will not bring against our enemies any unwarranted charge. Zalessky was simply *forgotten* by them. When, by mere accident, his existence was discovered, an order was sent to Siberia to bring him back to his native country. As he had no money to make the journey at his own expense, he had to travel right across Siberia on foot, under

escort, with a batch of vagabonds sent to their native villages in European Russia. It took him a year to come to the Moscow central prison, which he reached in 1886; there he was met by a number of political exiles on their way to Siberia. One of them, who escaped afterwards, told me that the appearance of Zalessky was that of a man who had spent twenty years in a gloomy dungeon. Though under forty, he looked like an old decrepit man, with bent and shattered body, blinking, almost sightless eyes, and toothless mouth.

It is not only the climate which works such havoc upon a man's frame, but the life of utter misery and isolation. Whenever an exile is sent to a new place, where he is quite alone, his fate is always extremely hard. Here is another example of more recent date. In 1884 Jordan, a student of the Kharkoff Veterinary Schools, was arrested for having taken part in the printing of the pamphlets of the *peaceful* Socialists—those who were against political terrorism. After a year of imprisonment, namely in 1885, he was exiled without trial to Verko-Lensk (not Verko-Yansk), a town in Southern Siberia. On reaching this place he wrote to his friends at Kharkoff asking them to send him at his own address all the new things issued by the secret press, saying that the local police superintendent was a good man, who did not open the letters of the exiles. This letter was intercepted by the Kharkoff police, and Jordan was sent off to the Arctic zone to Vilusk, lat. 63°45′, where he had to live quite alone among the savage Yakuts. The sufferings and privations he underwent were such that he died there in 1888.

When the number of exiles increases they mutually help each other morally and materially so as to make life more tolerable even in such places cursed by nature as Verko-Yansk, Sredne-Kolymsk, and Vilusk. Still, the sufferings and privations to which they are subjected are extremely severe. These are non-inhabitable places, for Europeans at all events. Nova Zembla, which is visited by men only during the summer months, has a much milder climate than the Arctic region of Siberia. In the former the average temperature for a year is 13° F., with 7° below zero for the three winter months; whilst in Verko-Yansk the average both for the winter and autumn months is 31° F. below

zero, the average temperature for the three months of eternal night, December, January, and February, sinking to 53° F. below zero, which is full 13° below the freezing point of mercury. As to the average temperature for the year, it is only 1° F. above zero, the lowest temperature that has been observed at any point of the northern hemisphere. During the short summer the temperature rises, rapidly reaching 56° F. But with the warm season come the mosquitoes, which are a plague of these regions more difficult to endure than cold. "I never would have believed," says the correspondent of the *Russky Vedomosty* (Moscow), who has been exiled to these parts, "that the insects could appear in such swarms. They literally darkened the light, filling the air with an incessant noise, covering, as with a black mantle, our horses, whose flanks were soon bleeding all over. Maddened with pain, the horses kicked and reared, but seeing that all was unavailing, they drooped their heads and submitted to the inevitable. In vain we tried to protect ourselves with veils, travelling, notwithstanding the hot weather, in winter gloves and overcoats. The mosquitoes penetrated through the sleeves under the shirts, stinging the breast and the body, which ached as if burned with fire. The more we struggled to get rid of our tormentors the more we opened the way to thousands more of them. On arriving at the huts of the Yakuts we kindled a great fire, which made such a smoke that it pricked the eyes and choked the breath, though we lay stretched on the earthen floor. The mosquitoes disappeared, but as soon as the smoke dispersed a little, new swarms penetrated into the hut, covering all of us thickly."

Such is nature in these regions. Now, what are the inhabitants, and their means of protecting themselves from its rigour?

We will quote from the same authority a few lines describing the largest of these northern settlements, Sredne-Kolymsk, a "town" numbering fully 560 inhabitants. Most of them are of Russian extraction, but being for many generations isolated from all the world, and feeding exclusively on fish, they have lost the energy, industry, and versatility of Russian peasants. They are apathetic, lazy, and dull. It is considered a great sign of cleverness in a boy if he succeeds in learning to read and write in the course of eight or nine years. They know no trade, no industry, except fishing and

occasionally hunting. The houses they live in can hardly be called houses, for they are badly-fitting wooden sheds, *with no chimneys*, because the inhabitants do not know the use of bricks. The houses are warmed with a fire lit in the middle upon the earthen floor, the smoke passing out through a big hole in the pointed roof. It is not surprising that such houses during the winter are "infernally cold," to use the expression of the writer. Nothing grows, nothing can be got in these regions. Everything is imported from enormous distances, and is, therefore, exceedingly dear. Bread is sold at famine prices. Candles, soap, cotton wares, matches, are fabulously dear. "In such conditions of the market," philosophically observes this exile, "one has naturally to give up bread, sugar, and the many other commodities we are accustomed to consider as indispensable for a civilised man. But fish, reindeer meat, fat, and wood for burning, can be obtained." (*Russky Vedomosty*, 1889, No. 94.)

It is hardly necessary to say that there is nothing in a place like that to satisfy the intellectual cravings of a civilised man. These are also to be "given up" as a matter of course. Suffice it to say that the letters from Russia take *six months* to reach Sredne-Kolymsk. Thus the news received and the papers—supposing the exiles have money to spare for subscribing to any—are always six months old, and the post comes only three times a year.

Now let us see for what crimes scores of young, intelligent, well educated people are exiled to these horrible places. First of all it must be remembered that, with a few exceptions we will mention later on, they are all administrative exiles, people who have never been tried at all, and never convicted of any offence. They have been exiled by order of the police on suspicion that they held dangerous *opinions* and were likely some day to commit some offence. What *grounds for this suspicion* are considered sufficient by the Russian Government for exiling people to such awful places we shall see best by a few examples. We take them from one place, Sredne-Kolymsk.

Let us begin with Isaac Sklovsky, a journalist of Jewish extraction. He was a man of position—the editor of the *Odessa Leaflet*, a popular provincial paper. The charge against him was this: having made the acquaintance of an Odessa revolutionist, named Dudin,

who afterwards turned informer, he purchased from him two pamphlets, issued by the secret printing office, for the sum of 30 kopecks, which makes about 8d. in English coin. When a domiciliary search was made at Sklovsky's house the pamphlets were *not* found. But he did not deny having purchased them, and refused to disclose what he had done with them. For this offence he was kept in prison for about a year and then released on bail at the beginning of 1885, pending the decision upon his case. In the summer of 1886 the decision came, and he was arrested again and marched off straight to Eastern Siberia for five years. *Because he was a Jew* he was sent to Sredne-Kolymsk, where he is still.

The case of another young Jew, Liadoff, of Riga, is still more remarkable. The reader may remember that about five years ago some notice was taken by the English Press of the arrest at Riga of a German sailor who took upon an English ship a parcel of revolutionary prints. It was this fact that brought poor Liadoff into trouble. He had a prosperous business of some kind in Riga, and never thought of politics or revolution, when, one fine morning, he received from an unknown gentleman (the German sailor) a note requesting him to come on board a certain ship then in Riga harbour. Prompted by curiosity, Liadoff came and asked for the sailor. When they were alone the latter told him that he was in a great difficulty: he had a parcel of revolutionary pamphlets entrusted to him by a Geneva friend, but could not find the person to whom they had to be delivered at Riga. Not knowing what to do with his dangerous parcel, he wanted to know whether Liadoff would not be good enough to take care of it. Naturally, Liadoff declined, energetically saying that he had nothing to do with revolution, and expressed his amazement that the idea of applying to him could have entered the sailor's head. The latter apologised, and explained that he got Liadoff's name from his Geneva friend, who happened to have been Liadoff's schoolfellow, and thought he might be asked if he was still in Riga. The affair did not go farther. Liadoff went home without having taken one of the pamphlets. But when the sailor was arrested, Liadoff's visit on board the ship was discovered by the detectives, and he had to answer for it to the police. He explained candidly how the thing passed, and was released.

This took place in October, 1885. Soon after he married, and was enjoying his honeymoon, when, in January, 1886, whilst he was at dinner with his young wife, a messenger came from the colonel of gendarmerie, asking him to come immediately to his office. Liadoff was on good terms with the colonel. The office was in the same street, a few doors off. Nothing suspecting, he left the table immediately—"just between the second course and the pudding"—as he said afterwards to his companions, and went to the colonel. Here he was told that, according to a telegram from St. Petersburg, he was to be sent off to Eastern Siberia by the next train, which meant in two hours' time. It is easy to imagine the poor man's consternation. To his vehement protests and inquiries the colonel answered that he was himself exceedingly surprised at such an order, for which he was quite unable to find any plausible explanation. Liadoff begged for a respite, suggesting that there must be some error or misunderstanding. The colonel said that the order was a peremptory one, but he would grant a respite if the governor of the province authorised it. The governor, who also knew Liadoff, was applied to, and fully entered into his position. He telegraphed to St. Petersburg, vouching for Liadoff's innocence, and asking whether it was not somebody else who had to be sent to Eastern Siberia. The result was an angry telegram from St. Petersburg saying that they "do not make mistakes," and reprimanding the governor for having delayed the execution of the order. Thus, after a respite of two days only, Liadoff was marched off to Eastern Siberia. *As a Jew*, he was also sent to Sredne-Kolymsk.

The case of two boys in the same place, Landa and Hornstein, also Jews, who, when arrested, were—the first fifteen, the second sixteen years of age, is more shocking still. They were both studying in the Odessa gymnasium, when, in the beginning of August, 1885, a certain Fedorsher arrived in the town from Geneva. He had been slightly compromised in some early propaganda business before he left Russia, so that on returning he had to be careful to keep out of the reach of the police. As the latter got wind of his arrival in Odessa he had to hide himself for some time in the houses of his friends, as is often the case with "illegal" people.

One of these friends, not being sure that his own house was not watched by the police, had the unfortunate idea of taking Fedorsher one night to the lodgings of the two boys, who were his relatives, as the safest refuge. Of course the boys asked no questions and were satisfied with the explanation that their guest wanted simply a lodging for a night or two to avoid the expense of an hotel. Nobody thought of the possibility of the police coming to seek Fedorsher in the house of these children. But the police came on account of the boys themselves. It was rumoured that in their gymnasium some sort of propaganda was afloat, and in one night 120 domiciliary visits were made to the houses of different pupils in order to discover some material proof of it. One of these visits was to Landa and Hornstein. When the police arrived the inmates were not yet in bed, and Fedorsher, on being asked who he was, explained that he was their neighbour, living a few doors off. They believed him, and he played the part he assumed so well that the police let him go. But when his little portmanteau, which he had to leave behind, was opened a parcel of revolutionary publications was discovered in it. This was sufficient for the arrest of the two boys, though it was clearly proved that they knew nothing about it. They were kept in the Odessa prison, one of the worst in the Empire, in solitary confinement for about a year and a half, and then the police, without any trial, pronounced upon them the verdict of five years' exile to Eastern Siberia, as people dangerous to the existing order and implicated in revolutionary agitation. When the monstrous sentence was read to them, the younger of the boys, Landa, exclaimed: "How? Am I also a revolutionist, a man dangerous to the authorities?"

At this the gendarme smiled and answered in these very words: "No, certainly you are not. But you may become so some day."

We must not leave the reader under the impression that Jews alone are honoured in Russia with this dreadful form of punishment. There are several born Russians among the exiles of Sredne-Kolymsk, but they have all somewhat heavier charges against them. One of them, Belousoff, was tried by an exceptional tribunal, it is true, but still tried, and condemned to exile for life in these gloomy regions for being connected with a dynamite manufac-

turing business; another, Victor Daniloff, though never tried, was involved in active revolutionary propaganda among the dissenting sects; the third had escaped once from Southern Siberia; the fourth was for several years the special correspondent and representative of a revolutionary paper. All these are small offences as compared with the punishment, but they are actual crimes when compared with the ridiculous charges against the Jews who share the same fate.

The anti-Semitic agitation we have seen in Germany and Austria is very absurd and ridiculous, as would be the revival of some exploded superstition. But in Russia we see something worse. Here, in consequence of the personal bias of the Tzar, Alexander III., who is a fierce Jew hater, a special measure was passed in 1886, making one section of the citizens liable to heavier punishments than others for the same offences, simply because they are of a certain race and creed. Is it not another form of religious persecution? Is it not a crying injustice, a flagrant and cynical violation of the fundamental laws of all modern States, Russia included, where the equality of all the citizens before the Tzar or his representatives stands in the written code?

We need not multiply our illustrations. The cases of Belousoff, Daniloff, and Miss Shmidova, a young girl of Jewish extraction, whose only offence is that she was the sweetheart of Ulianoff, the would-be Tzaricide, present the maximum of guilt; the cases of Liadoff and the two boys we have just spoken of, the minimum. All the rest of the thirty exiles in Sredne-Kolymsk stand between.

The exiles of Verko-Yansk are in the same position as those of Sredne-Kolymsk—the same offences, or rather absence of offences, the same conditions of life.

The government of Alexander III. shows, since 1886, a decided inclination to multiply and extend the practice of administrative exile to the Arctic zone. The towns of Sredne-Kolymsk and Verko-Yansk have been populated, as we have said, within the last three years. In Vilusk, a town in the same latitude, a special prison is being constructed for the unfortunate survivors of the Yakutsk massacres of 1889—a fact which is unique in the history of penitentiary institutions. It is reported that a project is afloat

for instituting a new penal colony at Bykoff promontory, which is still farther advanced in the region of eternal ice.

The Russian Government has subscribed, through Galkin Vrassky, the head of the Prison Department of the Empire, to the monument to be erected to John Howard, the great reformer of European penitentiary institutions. The next International Prison Congress is to be held in St. Petersburg, and the Russian Government will certainly come forward with some plans of humanitarian improvements in its penitentiary system.

It seems to me quite opportune to draw attention to that new "improvement" of the Siberian exile system—the exile into the Arctic zone—which is a fact, and the building of special prisons in the same region, which will be a fact before long.

I need not dwell upon the difference in the treatment of Jews and Christians, which is a monstrosity. I will only ask whether the foundation of penitentiary colonies of any kind in the Arctic zone is not a monstrosity as well. Imprisonment is intended as deprivation of freedom and nothing more. Exile is intended as a limitation of the freedom of movement. To aggravate these punishments purposely by physical sufferings so intense as those caused by the Arctic climate is to reintroduce torture under another form. The public opinion of the civilised world, if it respects itself, ought to step in and stop such crimes against our common humanity.

STEPNIAK.

FOLIOS AND FOOTLIGHTS.

SURELY Queen Mab hath been with you, or you would not have put such a puzzle into a postscript: "What will happen to reviewers when the Social Revolution comes by its own?" Why, without projecting speculation into Mr. Bellamy's millennial sphere, and asking what the poor critic is to do in the year 2000, I should like to know what is to become of him in this present year of most imperfect grace. Touching your question, however, I am partially consoled to think that the writer of fiction must have a hard time under the Bellamy dispensation. Think of the novelist in A.D. 2000, who is deprived of every social problem that now besets us, who cannot paint ambition when all are equal, the race for wealth when there is no money, the struggle for social distinction when nothing will be lionised except superlative merit, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune when there is no fortune, the proud man's contumely when there is no pride! True, Mr. Bellamy tells us in *Looking Backward* that there are great writers in his paradise; and you remember that his hero, who is caught out of a trance to see these wonders, sits up all night over one of the literary masterpieces of the period. How much human interest there may be in a story in which it is worth nobody's while even to forge a will, and quite impossible to tempt the erring with purses of gold in the distressing absence of a currency, we are not permitted to know. But it is one of my joys to picture a distinguished novelist of our unregenerate era exercising his fancy under these singular conditions, and to wonder how many chapters of Scotch scenery and salmon fishing his respectful critics would be expected to stand.

Here comes my point about the unhappy state of the reviewer. For you must have observed that Mr. William Black liberated his

soul the other day in a vastly entertaining account of the respective functions of the novelist and the critic. The novelist does not create his characters nor weave his plots. They thrust themselves upon him; they haunt him when he would be gay; they reduce him to moody abstraction when he ought to be murmuring stories about salmon into the ear of the prettiest woman at dinner. He lives with his tormentors for a year or so, and then he gives them to the world. And a wretched critic who makes their acquaintance in the most casual way has the effrontery to vote them dull. Let him sit down humbly and read Mr. Black's novel several times;* let him accept with meekness a most unflattering portrait of himself; let him write his article at least thrice, and then put it in the fire. This is a little hard on the reviewer, who does not find that characters in fiction are madly fascinating merely because they have boarded and lodged with Mr. Black, who discovers that the author of four-and-twenty novels is sometimes apt to fall on rather barren days, and who tries to soften this fact when he remembers the fresh and vivid human interest of *A Daughter of Heth*, and *Madcap Violet*, and *Macleod of Dare*.

But there is yet another cross for your reviewer. Literary criticism, says Mr. Grant Allen, has no judgment nowadays, because it does not recognise the potency of "the novel of character." Romance is passing well; adventures have their thrilling hour; but let us award the palm to the writer who touches the springs of character and paints the subtleties of motive. By all means; but when I am invited by Mr. Grant Allen to place *Silas Lapham* in the same category with *Vanity Fair* and *Richard Feverel*, I make him my most civil bow, and we part company. He stops to admire the kitchen garden, while my eyes are fixed on that clump of noble trees on the western hill yonder, where the sunset is making quite a melodramatic display. Red currants are excellent of their kind, but they are not so impressive as firs set in the glow of the sun. Small human interests, described with admirable care and truth, do not hold the place in art which belongs to the things of deeper observation and higher portraiture. After all, the scope of a writer's

* *The New Prince Fortunatus.* By William Black. Sampson Low and Co.

imagination has something to do with the novel of character. Jane Austen's genius may be shown, as Professor Goldwin Smith says, "in making the familiar and commonplace intensely interesting and amusing."* Mr. Howells may work on similar lines with equal success. But the great observers, whose characters are none the less real because they sometimes strike tragic notes, and do not live in an atmosphere of triviality, have a different order of perception. Perhaps they carry out the principle which Mr. Ruskin commended to the landscape painters, and study nature in the moods which escape all but the most devoted vision.

This savours of a lecture; so let me tell you that *The Pariah* will more than repay a second reading.† I question whether Mr. Anstey has received half the credit he deserves for a curiously original study. In point of art and insight, Allen Chadwick, pathetically disagreeable as he is, has a stronger claim on our regard than many a popular idol of fiction. I still think the secret in the story is an exasperating concession to that fetish, "the general reader"; but don't let us speak disrespectfully of secrets. Here is Mr. Bellamy with a surprise which is quite delightful.‡ The central idea of his new romance is the immortality of our past selves. A woman whose beauty was cut off by a terrible disease believes that the spirit of her youth and loveliness is in the other world. She is persuaded that this spirit can be materialised. The process is apparently successful, and a beautiful girl is received with touching confidence as the incarnation of a dream. What follows I leave you to find out; but the tale has a delicacy and a charm which appeal to me more strongly than Mr. Bellamy's visions of the Socialist Utopia.

I don't know what Robert Louis Stevenson is doing in Samoa, but why ask whether some emanation from his mind has incarnated itself under the name of "Q"? § The writer who modestly hides in the alphabet has a power of his own. His story of the Civil War is a breathless gallop of incident from beginning to end. There

* *Life of Jane Austen.* By Goldwin Smith. Walter Scott.
† *The Pariah.* By F. Anstey. New edition. Smith, Elder and Co.
‡ *Miss Ludington's Sister.* By Edward Bellamy. F. Warne and Co.
§ *The Splendid Spur.* By Q. Cassell and Co.

are escapes and fights enough to keep the fetish in good humour on a railway journey, and distract his attention even from the buffet. But there is fine humour, too, and excellent character. Brave, trusty Joan; Delia, with a touch of Rosalind; Captain Pottery, who laments as he goes into action that he is "a boastful man," and takes back the statement that he kissed three maids that morning: I commend these figures to Mr. Grant Allen, despite their adventures, along with some of the most graphic and vivid descriptions of battle I ever read.

But let us leave the realm of fiction and consider the British Empire. It is gratifying, no doubt, to reflect that the morning drum speaks English in the greater part of the civilised world. But to the people of these islands it is more important to know that the democracy in their colonies has achieved some considerable things by means of what our sceptics are accustomed to call "nostrums." Sir Charles Dilke shows us that, in Victoria, State Socialism is in a pretty advanced stage.* The public organisation of labour in that colony, to say nothing of the heavy land tax and the graduated succession duties, must be cheering to the souls of the Fabian Society. Not only is elementary instruction free, but school children travel for nothing on the State railways. Secondary and University education will soon be "assisted" by the public exchequer. The eight hours day was obtained by combination, but shop hours were limited by law, and the exemptions of particular trades were defeated by the simple process of intimidating purchasers. As much work is done in eight hours as used to be done in ten, and wages have suffered no appreciable decrease. Party jobbery in public works is prevented by the appointment of non-political boards of management. These things are of some moment to us at home. So is Sir Charles Dilke's warning that an absolute veto on immigration is impending both in Canada and Australia. His book is the most lucid revelation we have had of the democratic growth of our colonies; and there is no disposition in any quarter to impugn his accuracy and judgment. But

* *Problems of Greater Britain.* By the Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke. Macmillan and Co.

did you ever know a quainter illustration of moral fantasy than the suggestion that Sir Charles Dilke has found what is "probably the only vocation left to his talents"? The country is to avail itself of his vast knowledge, his breadth of view, and an experience which would furnish a most capable Colonial Minister, War Minister, Foreign Secretary, not to mention the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board—provided that he displays his qualifications in books. It is perfectly virtuous to profit by these volumes, but it would be highly improper to invite their author to give effect to his opinions in public life.

When I am oppressed by a moral puzzle I take refuge in the theatre. There, at all events, you can surrender your mind to an illusion, if your entertainers know their business. I don't remember a comedy which has given me more unalloyed pleasure than *A Pair of Spectacles*, at the Garrick. It is full of the happiest humour, and it affords Mr. Hare the best opportunity he has had as an actor for years. He is equally convincing in his exuberant benevolence and his sudden suspicions. The change may be incredible, but it is managed by such skilful gradations that you accept everything. Admirable, too, is Mr. Charles Groves as the close-fisted cynic from Sheffield; and Mr. Sydney Brough, waiting for "the psychological moment" to confess his debts to his father, is a moving picture of comic woe. This play is Mr. Sydney Grundy's most successful transaction with the French; but how different are Mr. Robert Buchanan's dealings with the novelists and dramatists of the last century! I never knew how great a work *A Man's Shadow* was till I had seen *Clarissa*. Mr. Buchanan has no small skill as a playwright, and he has handled Fielding with some success; but he cannot put life into the puppets from Richardson's show. Well, there is life enough in *Doctor Bill*, and if your nerves are wrong, you must let Mr. George Alexander, who is an irresistible practitioner, prescribe you the "Kangaroo dance."

L. F. AUSTIN.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD and ANDREW LANG.

Helenam vero immortalem fuisse indicat tempus.—Servius. Æneid II., 501.

BOOK I.

Chapter I.

THE SILENT ISLE.

Come with us, ye whose hearts are set
On this, the Present to forget ;
Come with us where the moonlight fills
The hollows of the fairy hills,
Where droops the visionary vine
Men crush to yield hearts' anodyne !
Come read the things whereof ye know
They were not, and could not be so !
The murmur of the fallen creeds,
Like winds among wind-shaken reeds
Along the banks of holy Nile,
Shall echo in your ears the while ;
The fables of the North and South
Shall mingle in a modern mouth ;
The fancies of the West and East
Shall flock and flit about the feast
Like doves that cooled, with waving wing,
The banquets of the Cyprian king.
Old shapes of song that do not die
Shall haunt the halls of memory,
And though the Bow shall prelude clear
Shrill as the song of Gunnar's spear,
There answer sobs from lute and lyre
That murmured of The World's Desire.

. . . . .

There lives no man but he hath seen
The World's Desire, the fairy queen.
None but hath seen her to his cost,
Not one but loves what he has lost.
None is there but hath heard her sing
Divinely through his wandering ;
Not one but he hath followed far
The portent of the Bleeding Star ;
Not one but he hath chanced to wake,
Dreamed of the Star and found the Snake.
Yet, through his dreams, a wandering fire,
Still, still she flits, The World's Desire !

ACROSS the wide backs of the waves, beneath the mountains, and between the islands, a ship came stealing from the dark into the dusk, and from the dusk into the dawn. The ship had only one mast, one broad brown sail with a star embroidered on it in gold ; her stem and stern were built high, and carved like a bird's beak ; her prow was painted scarlet, and she was driven by oars as well as by the western wind.

A man stood alone on the half-deck at the bows, a man who looked always forward, through the night, and the twilight, and the clear morning. He was of no great stature, but broad-breasted and very wide-shouldered, with many signs of strength. He had blue eyes, and dark curled locks falling beneath a red cap such as sailors wear, and over a purple cloak, fastened with a brooch of gold. There were threads of silver in his curls, and his beard was flecked with white. His whole heart was following his eyes, watching first for the blaze of the island beacons out of the darkness, and, later, for the smoke rising from the far-off hills. But he watched in vain ; there was neither light nor smoke on the grey peak that lay clear against a field of yellow sky.

There was no smoke, no fire, no sound of voices, nor cry of birds. The isle was deadly still.

As they neared the coast, and neither heard nor saw a sign of life, the man's face fell. The gladness went out of his eyes, his features grew older with anxiety and doubt, and with longing for tidings of his home.

No man ever loved his home more than he, for this was Odysseus, the son of Laertes—who of some is called Ulysses—returned from his unsung second wandering. The whole world has heard the tale of his first voyage, how he was tossed for ten years on the sea after the taking of Troy, how he reached home at last, alone and disguised as a beggar ; how he found violence in his house, how he slew his foes in his own hall, and won his wife again. But even in his own country he was not permitted to rest, for there was a curse upon him and a labour to be accomplished. He must wander again till he reached the land of men who had never tasted salt, nor ever heard of the salt sea. There he must sacrifice to the Sea-God, and then, at last, set his face homewards. Now he had endured that curse, he had fulfilled the prophecy, he had angered, by misadventure, the Goddess that was his friend, and after adventures that have never yet been told, he had arrived within a bowshot of Ithaca.

He came from strange countries, from the Gates of the Sun and the White Rock, from the Passing Place of Souls and the people of Dreams.

But he found his own isle more still and strange by far. The realm of Dreams was not so dumb, the Gates of the Sun were not so still, as the shores of the familiar island beneath the rising dawn.

This story, whereof the substance was set out long ago by Rei, the instructed Egyptian priest, tells what he found there, and the tale of the last adventures of Odysseus, Laertes' son.

The ship ran on and won the well-known haven, sheltered from wind by two headlands of sheer cliff. There she sailed straight in, till the leaves of the broad olive tree at the head of the inlet were tangled in her cordage. Then the Wanderer, without once looking back, or saying one word of farewell to his crew, caught a bough of the olive tree with his hand, and swung himself ashore. There he kneeled, and kissed the earth, and, covering his head within his cloak, he prayed that he might find his house at peace, his wife dear and true, and his son worthy of him.

But not one word of his prayer was to be granted. The Gods give and take, but on the earth the Gods cannot restore.

When he rose from his knees he glanced back across the waters, but there was now no ship in the haven, nor any sign of a sail on all the seas.

And still the land was silent ; not even the wild birds cried a welcome.

The sun was hardly up, men were scarce awake, the Wanderer said to himself ;

and he set a stout heart to the steep path leading up the hill, over the wolds, and across the ridge of rock that divides the two masses of the island. Up he climbed, purposing, as of old, to seek the house of his faithful servant, the swineherd, and learn from him the tidings of his home. On the brow of a hill he stopped to rest, and looked down on the house of the servant. But the strong oak palisade was broken, no smoke came from the hole in the thatched roof, and, as he approached, the dogs did not run barking, as sheep-dogs do, at the stranger. The very path to the house was overgrown, and dumb with grass; even a dog's keen ears could scarcely have heard a footstep.

The door of the swineherd's hut was open, but all was dark within. The spiders had woven a glittering web across the empty blackness, a sign that for many days no man had entered. Then the Wanderer shouted twice, and thrice, but the only answer was the echo from the hill. He went in, hoping to find food, or perhaps a spark of fire sheltered under the dry leaves. But all was vacant and cold as death.

The Wanderer came forth into the warm sunlight, set his face to the hill again, and went on his way to the city of Ithaca.

He saw the sea from the hill-top glittering as of yore, but there were no brown sails of fisher boats on the sea. All the land that should now have waved with the white corn was green with tangled weeds. Halfway down the rugged path was a grove of alders, and the basin into which the water flowed from the old fountain of the Nymphs! But no maidens were there with their pitchers; the basin was broken, and green with mould; the water slipped through the crevices and hurried to the sea. There were no offerings of wayfarers, rags and pebbles, by the well; and on the altar of the Nymphs the flame had long been cold. The very ashes were covered with grass, and a branch of ivy had hidden the stone of sacrifice.

On the Wanderer pressed with a heavy heart; now the high roof of his own hall and the wide fenced courts were within his sight, and he hurried forward to know the worst.

Too soon he saw that the roofs were smokeless, and all the court was deep in grass. Where the altar of Zeus had stood in the midst of the court there was now no altar, but a great, grey mound, not of earth, but of white dust mixed with black. Over this mound the grass pricked up scantily, like thin hair on a leprosy.

Then the Wanderer shuddered, for out of the grey mound peeped the charred black bones of the dead. He drew near, and, lo! the whole heap was of nothing else than the ashes of men and women. Death had been busy here: here many people had perished of a pestilence. They had all been consumed on one funeral fire, while they who laid them there must have fled, for there was no sign of living man. The doors gaped open, and none entered, and none came forth. The house was dead, like the people who had dwelt in it.

Then the Wanderer paused where once the old hound Argos had welcomed him and had died in that welcome. There, unwelcomed, he stood, leaning on his staff. Then a sudden ray of the sun fell on something that glittered in the heap, and he touched it with the end of the staff he had in his hand. It slid jingling from the heap; it was a bone of a fore-arm, and that which glittered on it was a half-molten ring of gold. On the gold these characters were engraved:

ΙΚΜΑΛΙΟΣ ΜΕ ΠΟΙΕΣΕΝ.

(Icmalios made me.)

At the sight of the armlet the Wanderer fell on the earth, grovelling among the ashes of the pyre, for he knew the gold ring which he had brought from Ephyre long ago, for a gift to his wife Penelope. This was the bracelet of the bride of his youth, and here, black, calcined, bare, a mockery and a terror, were those kind arms in which he had lain. Then his strength was shaken with his sobbing, and his hands clutched blindly before him, and he gathered dust and cast it upon his head till his dark locks were defiled with the ashes of his dearest, and he longed to die.

There he lay, biting his own hands for sorrow, and for wrath against God and Fate. There he lay while the sun in the heavens smote him, and he knew it not; while the wind of the sunset stirred in his hair, and he stirred not. He could not even shed one tear, for this was the sorest of all the sorrows that he had known on the waves of the sea, or on land among the wars of men.

The sun fell and the ways were darkened. Slowly the eastern sky grew silver with the moon. A night-fowl's voice was heard from afar, it drew nearer; then through the shadow of the pyre the black wings fluttered into the light, and the carrion bird fixed its talons and its beak on the Wanderer's neck. Then he moved at length, tossed up an arm, and caught the bird of darkness by the neck, and broke it, and dashed it on the ground. His sick heart was mad with the little sudden pain, and he clutched for the knife in his girdle that he might slay himself, but he was unarmed. At last he rose, muttering, and stood in the moonlight, like a lion in some ruinous palace of forgotten kings. He was faint with hunger and weak with long lamenting, as he stepped within his own doors. There he paused on that high threshold of stone where once he had sat in the disguise of a beggar, that very threshold whence, on another day, he had shot the shafts of doom among the wooers of his wife and the wasters of his home. But now his wife was dead: all his voyaging was ended here, and all his wars were vain. In the white light the house of his kingship was no more than the ghost of a home, dreadful, unfamiliar, empty of warmth and love and light. The tables were fallen here and there through the long hall; mouldering fragments of the funeral feast and shattered cups and dishes lay in one confusion; the ivory chairs were broken, and on the walls the moonbeams glistened now and again from points of steel and blades of bronze, though many swords were dark with rust.

But there, in its gleaming case, lay one thing friendly and familiar. There lay the Bow of Eurytus, the bow for which great Heracles had slain his own guest in his own halls; the dreadful bow that no mortal man but the Wanderer could bend. He was never used to carry this precious bow with him on shipboard, when he went to the wars, but it was treasured at home, the memorial of a dear friend foully slain. So now, when the voices of dog, and slave, and child, and wife were mute, there yet came out of the stillness a word of welcome to the Wanderer. For this bow, which had thrilled in the grip of a god, and had scattered the shafts of the vengeance of Heracles, was wondrously made and magical. A spirit dwelt within it which knew of things to come, which boded the battle from afar, and therefore always before the slaying of men the bow sang strangely through the night. The voice of it was thin and shrill, a ringing and a singing of the string and of the bow. While the Wanderer stood and looked on his weapon, hark! the bow began to thrill! The sound was faint at first, a thin note, but as he listened the voice of it in that

silence grew clear, strong, angry, and triumphant. In his ears and to his heart it seemed that the wordless chant rang thus :—

THE SONG OF THE BOW.

Keen and low
  Doth the arrow sing
The Song of the Bow,
  The sound of the string.
The shafts cry shrill :
  Let us forth again,
Let us feed our fill
  On the flesh of men.
Greedy and fleet
  Do we fly from far,
Like the birds that meet
  For the feast of war,
Till the air of fight
  With our wings be stirred,
As it whirrs from the flight
  Of the ravening bird.
Like the flakes that drift
  On the snow-wind's breath,
Many and swift,
  And winged for death—
Greedy and fleet,
  Do we speed from far,
Like the birds that meet
  On the bridge of war.
Fleet as ghosts that wail,
  When the dart strikes true,
Do the swift shafts hail,
  Till they drink warm dew.
Keen and low
  Do the grey shafts sing
The Song of the Bow,
  The sound of the string.

This was the message of Death, and this was the first sound that had broken the stillness of his home.

At the welcome of this music which spoke to his heart—this music he had heard so many a time—the Wanderer knew that there was war at hand. He knew that the wings of his arrows should be swift to fly, and their beaks of bronze should be whetted to drink the blood of men. He put out his hand and took the bow, and tried the string, and it answered shrill as the song of the swallow.

Then at length, when he heard the bowstring twang to his touch, the fountains of his sorrow were unsealed ; tears came like soft rains on a frozen land, and the Wanderer wept.

When he had his fill of weeping, he rose, for hunger drove him—hunger that is of all things the most shameless, being stronger far than sorrow, or love, or any other desire. The Wanderer found his way through the narrow door behind the daïs, and stumbling now and again over fallen fragments of the home which

he himself had built, he went to the inner, secret storehouse. Even *he* could scarcely find the door, for saplings of trees had grown up about it; yet he found it at last. Within the holy well the water was yet babbling and shining in the moonlight over the silver sands; and here, too, there was store of mouldering grain, for the house had been abundantly rich when the great plague fell upon the people while he was far away. So he found food to satisfy his hunger, after a sort, and next he gathered together out of his treasure-chest the beautiful golden armour of unhappy Paris, son of Priam, the false love of fair Helen. These arms had been taken at the sack of Troy, and had lain long in the treasury of Menelaus in Sparta; but on a day he had given them to Odysseus, the dearest of all his guests. The Wanderer clad himself in this golden gear, and took the sword called "Euryalus's Gift," a bronze blade with a silver hilt, and a sheath of ivory, which in a far-off land a stranger had given him. Already the love of life had come back to him, now that he had eaten and drunk, and had heard the Song of the Bow, the Slayer of Men. He lived yet, and hope lived in him though his house was desolate, and his wedded wife was dead, and there was none to give him tidings of his one child, Telemachus. Even so life beat strong in his heart, and his hands would keep his head if any sea-robbers had come to the city of Ithaca and made their home there, like sea-hawks in the forsaken nest of an eagle of the sea. So he clad himself in his armour, and chose out two spears from a stand of lances, and cleaned them, and girt about his shoulders a quiver full of shafts, and took in his hand his great bow, the Bow of Eurytus, which no other man could bend. Then he went forth from the ruined house into the moonlight, went forth for the last time; for never again did the high roof echo to the footstep of its lord. Long has the grass grown over it, and the sea-wind wailed!

Chapter II.

THE VISION OF THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

THE fragrant night was clear and still, the silence scarce broken by the lapping of the waves, as the Wanderer went down from his fallen home to the city on the sea, walking warily, and watching for any light from the houses of the people. But they were all as dark as his own, many of them roofless and ruined, for, after the plague, an earthquake had smitten the city. There were gaping chasms in the road, here and there, and through rifts in the walls of the houses the moon shone strangely, making ragged shadows. At last the Wanderer reached the Temple of Athene, the Goddess of War; but the roof had fallen in, and the pillars were overset, and the scent of wild thyme growing in the broken pavement rose where he walked. Yet, as he stood by the door of the fane, where he had burned so many a sacrifice, at length he spied a light blazing from the windows of a great chapel by the sea. It was the Temple of Aphrodite, the Queen of Love, and from the open door the sweet savour of incense and the golden blaze rushed forth till they were lost in the silver of the moonshine and in the salt smell of the sea. Thither the Wanderer went slowly, for his limbs were swaying with weariness, and he was half in a dream. Yet he hid himself cunningly in the shadow of a long avenue of myrtles, for he guessed that sea-robbers were keeping revel in the forsaken shrine. But he heard no sound of singing and no tread of dancing feet within the fane of the Goddess of Love; the sacred plot of the goddess and her chapels were silent, till at last he took courage, drew near the doors, and entered the holy place. But in the tall, bronze braziers there were no faggots burning, nor were there torches lighted in the hands of the golden men and maids, the images that stand within the fane of Aphrodite. Yet, if he did not dream, nor take moonlight for fire, the temple was bathed in showers of gold by a splendour of flame. None might see its centre nor its fountain; it sprang neither from the altar nor the statue of the goddess, but was everywhere imminent, a glory not of this world, a fire untended and unlit. And the painted walls with the stories of the loves of men and gods, and the carven pillars and the beams, and the roof of green, were bright with flaming fire!

At this the Wanderer was afraid, knowing that an Immortal was at hand; for the comings and the goings of the gods were attended, as he had seen, by this wonderful light of unearthly fire. So he bowed his head, and hid his face as he sat by the altar in the holiest of the holy shrine, and with his right hand he grasped the horns of the altar. As he sat there, perchance he woke, and perchance he slept. However it was, it seemed to him that soon there came a murmuring and a whispering of the myrtle leaves and laurels, and a sound in the tops of the pines, and then his face was fanned by a breath more cold than the wind that wakes the dawn. At the touch of this breath the Wanderer shuddered, and the hair on his flesh stood up, so cold was the strange wind.

There was silence; and he heard a voice, and he knew that it was the voice of no mortal, but of a goddess. For the speech of goddesses was not strange in his ears; he knew the clarion cry of Athene, the Queen of Wisdom and of War; and the winning words of Circe, the Daughter of the Sun, and the sweet song of Calypso's voice as she wove with her golden shuttle at the loom. But

now the words came sweeter than the moaning of doves, more soft than sleep. So came the golden voice, whether he woke or whether he dreamed.

"Odysseus, thou knowest me not, nor am I thy lady, nor hast thou ever been my servant! Where is she, the Queen of the Air, Athene, and why comest *thou* here as a suppliant at the knees of the daughter of Dione?"

He answered nothing, but he bowed his head in deeper sorrow.

The voice spake again:

"Behold, thy house is desolate; thy hearth is cold. The wild hare breeds by thy hearthstone, and the night-bird roosts beneath thy roof-tree. Thou hast neither child nor wife nor native land, and *she* hath forsaken thee—thy Lady Athene. Many a time didst thou sacrifice to her the thighs of kine and sheep, but didst thou ever give so much as a pair of doves to *me?* Hath she left thee, as the Dawn forsook Tithonus, because there are now threads of silver in the darkness of thy hair? Is the wise goddess fickle as a nymph of the woodland or the wells? Doth she love a man only for the bloom of his youth? Nay, I know not; but this I know, that on thee, Odysseus, old age will soon be hastening—old age that is pitiless, and ruinous, and weary, and weak—age that cometh on all men, and that is hateful to the gods. Therefore, Odysseus, ere yet it be too late, I would bow even thee to my will, and hold thee for my thrall. For I am she who conquers all things living: Gods and beasts and men. And hast thou thought that thou only shalt escape Aphrodite? Thou that hast never loved as I would have men love; thou that hast never obeyed me for an hour, nor ever known the joy and the sorrow that are mine to give? For thou didst but endure the caresses of Circe, the Daughter of the Sun, and thou wert aweary in the arms of Calypso, and the Sea King's daughter came never to her longing. As for her who is dead, thy dear wife Penelope, thou didst love her with a loyal heart, but never with a heart of fire. Nay, she was but thy companion, thy house-wife, and the mother of thy child. She was mingled with all thy memories of the land thou lovest, and so thou gavest her a little love. But she is dead; and thy child, too, is no more; and thy very country is as the ashes of a forsaken hearth where once was a camp of men. What have all thy wars and wanderings won for thee, all thy labours, and all the adventures thou hast achieved? For what didst thou seek among the living and the dead? Thou soughtest that which all men seek—thou soughtest *The World's Desire.* They find it not, nor hast thou found it, Odysseus; and thy friends are dead; thy land is dead; nothing lives but Hope. But the life that lies before thee is new, without a remnant of the old days, except for the bitterness of longing and remembrance. Out of this new life, and the unborn hours, wilt thou not give, what never before thou gavest, one hour to me, to be my servant?"

The voice, as it seemed, grew softer and came nearer, till the Wanderer heard it whisper in his very ear, and with the voice came a divine fragrance. The breath of her who spoke seemed to touch his neck; the immortal tresses of the goddess were mingled with the dark curls of his hair.

The voice spake again:

"Nay, Odysseus, didst thou not once give me one little hour? Fear not, for thou shalt not see me at this time, but lift thy head and look on The World's Desire!"

Then the Wanderer lifted his head, and he saw, as it were in a picture or in a mirror of bronze, the vision of a girl. She was more than mortal tall, and though still in the first flower of youth, and almost a child in years, she seemed

fair as a goddess, and so beautiful that Aphrodite herself may perchance have envied this loveliness. She was slim and gracious as a young shoot of a palm tree, and her eyes were fearless and innocent as a child's. On her head she bore a shining urn of bronze, as if she were bringing water from the wells, and behind her was the foliage of a plane tree. Then the Wanderer knew her, and saw her once again as he had seen her, when in his boyhood he had journeyed to the Court of her father, King Tyndareus. For, as he entered Sparta, and came down the hill Taygetus, and as his chariot wheels flashed through the ford of Eurotas, he had met her there on her way from the river. There, in his youth, his eyes had gazed on the loveliness of Helen, and his heart had been filled with the desire of the fairest of women, and like all the princes of Achaia he had sought her hand in marriage. But Helen was given to another man, to Menelaus, Atreus' son, of an evil house, that the knees of many might be loosened in death, and that there might be a song in the ears of men in after time.

As he beheld the vision of young Helen, the Wanderer, too, grew young again. But as he gazed with the eyes and loved with the first love of a boy, she melted like a mist, and out of the mist came another vision. He saw himself, disguised as a beggar, beaten and bruised, yet seated in a long hall bright with gold, while a woman bathed his feet, and anointed his head with oil. And the face of the woman was the face of the maiden, and even more beautiful, but sad with grief and with an ancient shame. Then he remembered how once he had stolen into Troy town from the camp of the Achæans, and how he had crept in a beggar's rags within the house of Priam to spy upon the Trojans, and how Helen, the fairest of women, had bathed him, and anointed him with oil, and suffered him to go in peace, all for the memory of the love that was between them of old. As he gazed, that picture faded and melted in the mist, and again he bowed his head, and kneeled by the golden altar of the goddess, crying:

"Where beneath the sunlight dwells the golden Helen?" For now he had only one desire: to look on Helen again before he died.

Then the voice of the goddess seemed to whisper in his ear:

"Did I not say truth, Odysseus? Wast not thou my servant for one hour, and did not Love save thee in the city of the Trojans on that night when even Wisdom was of no avail?"

He answered: "Yea, O Queen!"

"Behold, then," said the voice, "I would again have mercy and be kind to thee, for if I aid thee not thou hast no more life left among men. Home, and kindred, and native land thou hast none; and, but for me, thou must devour thine own heart and be lonely till thou diest. Therefore I breathe into thy heart a sweet forgetfulness of every sorrow, and I breathe love into thee for her who was thy first love in the beginning of thy days.

"For Helen is living yet upon the earth. And I will send thee on the quest of Helen, and thou shalt again take joy in war and wandering. Thou shalt find her in a strange land, among a strange people, in a strife of gods and men; and the wisest and bravest of men shall lie in the arms of the fairest of women. But learn this, Odysseus; thou must set thy heart on no other woman, but only on Helen.

"And I give thee a sign to know her by in a land of magic, and among women that deal in sorceries.

"*On the breast of Helen a jewel shines, a great star-stone, the gift I gave her on her wedding-night when she was bride to Menelaus. From that stone fall red*

drops like blood, and they drip on her vestment, and there vanish, and do not stain it.

"By the Star of Love shalt thou know her; by the star shalt thou swear to her; and if thou knowest not the portent of the Bleeding Star, or if thou breakest that oath, never in this life, Odysseus, shalt thou win the golden Helen! And thine own death shall come from the water—the swiftest death—that the saying of the dead prophet may be fulfilled. Yet first shalt thou lie in the arms of the golden Helen."

The Wanderer answered:

"Queen, how may this be, for I am alone on a sea-girt isle, and I have no ship and no companions to speed me over the great gulf of the sea?"

Then the voice answered:

"Fear not! the gods can bring to pass even greater things than these. Go from my house, and lie down to sleep in my holy ground, within the noise of the wash of the waves. There sleep, and take thy rest! Thy strength shall come back to thee, and before the setting of the new sun thou shalt be sailing on the path to The World's Desire. But first drink from the chalice on my altar Fare thee well!"

The voice died into silence, like the dying of music. The Wanderer awoke and lifted his head, but the light had faded, and the temple was grey in the first waking of the dawn. Yet there, on the altar where no cup had been, stood a deep chalice of gold, full of red wine to the brim. This the Wanderer lifted and drained—a draught of Nepenthe, the magic cup that puts trouble out of mind. As he drank, a wave of sweet hope went over his heart, and buried far below it the sorrow of remembrance, and the trouble of the past, and the longing desire for loves that were no more.

With a light step he went forth like a younger man, taking the two spears in his hand, and the bow upon his back, and he lay down beneath a great rock that looked toward the deep, and there he slept.

Chapter III.

THE SLAYING OF THE SIDONIANS.

Morning broke in the East! A new day dawned upon the silent sea, and on the world of light and sound. The sunrise crossed the waters by a path of gold, and fell upon the golden raiment of the Wanderer as he slept, making it blaze like living fire. As the sun touched him, the prow of a black ship stole swiftly round the headland, for the wind was fair in her wake, and the oarsmen drove her well with the oars. Any man who saw her would have known her to be a vessel of the merchants of Sidon—the most cunning people and the greediest of gain—for on her prow were two big-headed shapes of dwarfs, with gaping mouths and knotted limbs. Such gods as those were worshipped by the Sidonians. She was now returning from Albion, an isle beyond the pillars of Hercules and the gates of the great sea, where much store of tin is found; and she had rich merchandise on board. On the half-deck beside the steersman was the captain, a thin, keen-eyed sailor, who looked shoreward and saw the sun blaze on the golden armour of the Wanderer. They were so far off that he could not see clearly what it was that glittered yellow, but all that glittered yellow was a lure for him, and gold drew him on as iron draws the hands of heroes. So he bade the helmsman steer straight in, for the sea was deep below the rock, and there they all saw a man lying asleep in golden armour. They whispered together, laughing silently, and then sprang ashore, taking with them a rope of twisted ox-hide, a hawser of the ship, and a strong cable of byblus, the papyrus plant. On these ropes they cast a loop and a running knot, a lasso for throwing, so that they might capture the man in safety from a distance. With these in their hands they crept up the cliff, for their purpose was to noose the man in golden armour, and drag him on board their vessel, and carry him to the mouth of the river of Egypt, and there sell him for a slave to the King. For the Sidonians, who were greedy of everything, loved nothing better than to catch free men and women, who might be purchased by mere force or guile, and then be sold again for gold and silver and cattle. Many kings' sons had thus been captured by them, and had seen the day of slavery in Babylon, or Tyre, or Egyptian Thebes, and had died sadly, far from the Argive land.

So the Sidonians went round warily, and, creeping in silence over the short grass and thyme towards the Wanderer, were soon as near him as a child could throw a stone. Like shepherds who seek to net a sleeping lion, they came cunningly; yet not so cunningly but that the Wanderer heard them through his dreams, and turned and sat up, looking around him half awake. But as he woke the noose fell about his neck and over his arms, and they drew it hard, and threw him on his back. Before they could touch him he was on his feet again, crying his war-cry terribly, the cry that shook the towers of Ilium, and he rushed upon them, clutching at his sword hilt. The men who were nearest him and had hold of the rope let it fall from their hands and fled, but the others swung behind him, and dragged with all their force. If his arms had been free so that he might draw his sword, it would have gone ill with them, many as they were, for the Sidonians have no stomach for sword blades; but his arms were held in the noose. Yet they did not easily master him; but, as those who had fled came back, and they all laid hands on the rope together, they overpowered him by main force at last, and hauled him, step by step, till he stumbled

on a rock and fell. Then they rushed at him, and threw themselves all upon his body, and bound him with ropes in cunning sailor knots. But the booty was dearly won, and they did not all return alive ; for he crushed one man with his knees till the breath left him, and the thigh of another he broke with a blow of his foot.

But at last his strength was spent, and they had him like a bird in a snare ; so, by might and main, they bore him to their ship, and threw him down on the foredeck of the vessel. There they mocked him, though they were half afraid ; for even now he was terrible. Then they hauled up the sail again and sat down to the oars. The wind blew fair for the mouth of the Nile and the slave-market of Egypt. The wind was fair, and their hearts were light, for they had been among the first of their people to deal with the wild tribes of the island Albion, and had bought tin and gold for African sea shells and rude glass beads from Egypt. And now, near the very end of their adventure, they had caught a man whose armour and whose body were worth a king's ransom. It was a lucky voyage, they said, and the wind was fair !

The rest of the journey was long, but in well-known waters. They passed by Cephalonia and the rock of Ægilips, and wooded Zacynthus, and Samê, and of all those isles he was the lord, whom they were now selling into captivity. But he lay still, breathing heavily, and he stirred but once—that was when they neared Zacynthus. Then he strained his head round with a mighty strain, and he saw the sun go down upon the heights of rocky Ithaca, for that last time of all.

So the swift ship ran along the coast, slipping by forgotten towns that died before history began. Past the Echinean isles, and the Elian shore, and pleasant Eirene they sped, and it was dusk ere they reached Dorion. Deep night had fallen when they ran by Pylos; and the light of the fires in the hall of Pisistratus, the son of Nestor the Old, shone out across the sandy sea coast and the sea. But when they were come near Malea, the southernmost point of land, where two seas meet, there the storm snatched them, and drove them ever southwards, beyond Crete, towards the mouth of the Nile. They scudded long before the storm-wind, losing their reckoning, and rushing by island temples that showed like ghosts through the mist, and past havens which they could not win. On they fled, and the men would gladly have lightened the ship by casting all the cargo overboard ; but the captain watched the hatches with a sword and two bronze-tipped spears in his hand. He would sink or swim with the ship ; he would go down with his treasure, or reach Sidon, the City of Flowers and build a white house among the palms by the waters of Bostren, and never try the sea again.

So he swore ; and he would not let them cast the Wanderer overboard, as they desired, because he had brought bad luck. "He shall bring a good price in Tanis," cried the captain. And at last the storm abated, and the Sidonians took heart, and were glad like men escaped from death ; so they sacrificed and poured forth wine before the dwarf-gods on the prow of their vessel, and burned incense on their little altar. In their mirth, and to mock the Wanderer, they hung his sword and his shield against the mast, and his quiver and his bow they arrayed in the fashion of a trophy ; and they mocked him, supposing that he knew no word of their speech. But he knew it well, as he knew the speech of the people of Egypt ; for he had seen the cities of many men, and had spoken with captains and mercenaries from many a land in the great wars.

The Sidonians, however, jibed and spoke freely before him, saying how they were bound for the rich city of Tanis, on the banks of the river of Egypt, and how the captain was minded to pay his toll to Pharaoh with the body and the armour of the Wanderer. That he might seem the comelier, and a gift more fit for a king, the sailors slackened his bonds a little, and brought him dried meat and wine, and he ate till his strength returned to him. Then he entreated them by signs to loosen the cord that bound his legs ; for indeed his limbs were dead through the strength of the bonds, and his armour was eating into his flesh. At his prayer they took some pity of him and loosened his bonds again, and he lay upon his back, moving his legs to and fro till his strength came back.

So they sailed southward ever, through smooth waters and past the islands that lie like water-lilies in the midland sea. Many a strange sight they saw : vessels bearing slaves, whose sighing might be heard above the sighing of wind and water—young men and maidens of Ionia and Achaia, stolen by slave-traders into bondage ; now they would touch at the white havens of a peaceful city ; and again they would watch a smoke on the sea-line all day, rising black into the heavens ; but by nightfall the smoke would change to a great roaring fire from the beacons of a beleaguered island town ; the fire would blaze on the masts of the ships of the besiegers, and show blood-red on their sails, and glitter on the gilded shields that lined the bulwarks of the ships. But the Sidonians never stopped till, one night, they anchored off a little isle that lies over against the mouth of the Nile. Off this isle they moored the ship and slept, most of them, ashore.

Then the Wanderer began to plot a way to escape, though the enterprise seemed desperate enough. He was lying in the darkness of the hold, sleepless and sore with his bonds, while his guard watched under an awning in the moonlight on the deck. They dreamed so little of his escaping that they visited him only by watches, now and again ; and, as it chanced, the man whose turn it was to see that all was secure fell asleep. Many a thought went through the prisoner's mind, and now it seemed to him that the vision of the Goddess was only a vision of sleep, which came, as they said, through the false Gates of Ivory, and not through the Gates of Horn. So he was to live in slavery after all, a king no longer, but a captive, toiling in the Egyptian mines of Sinai, or a soldier at a palace gate, till he died. Thus he brooded, till out of the stillness came a thin, faint, thrilling sound from the bow that hung against the mast over his head, the bow that he never thought to string again. There was a noise of a singing of the bow and of the string, and the wordless song shaped itself thus in the heart of the Wanderer :

Lo ! the hour is nigh
  And the time to smite,
When the foe shall fly
  From the arrow's flight !
Let the bronze bite deep !
  Let the war-birds fly
Upon them that sleep
  And are ripe to die !
Shrill and low
  Do the grey shafts sing
The Song of the Bow,
  The sound of the string !

Then the low music died into the silence, and the Wanderer knew that the next sun would not set on the day of slavery, and that his revenge was near. His bonds would be no barrier to his vengeance; they would break like burnt tow, he knew, in the fire of his anger. Long since, in his old wandering days, Calypso, his love, had taught him in the summer leisure of her sea-girt isle how to tie knots that no man could untie, and to undo all the knots that men can bind. He remembered this lesson in the night when the bow sang of war. So he thought no more of sleeping, but cunningly and swiftly unknotted all the cords and the bonds which bound him to a bar of iron in the hold. He might have escaped now, perhaps, if he had stolen on deck without waking the guards, dived thence and swam under water towards the island, where he might have hidden himself in the bush. But he desired revenge no less than freedom, and had set his heart on coming in a ship of his own, and with all the great treasure of the Sidonians, before the Egyptian King.

With this in his mind, he did not throw off the cords, but let them lie on his arms and legs and about his body, as if they were still tied fast. But he fought against sleep, lest in moving when he woke he might reveal the trick, and be bound again. So he lay and waited, and in the morning the sailors came on board, and mocked at him again. In his mirth one of the men took a dish of meat and of lentils, and set it a little out of the Wanderer's reach as he lay bound, and said in the Phœnician tongue:

"Mighty lord, art thou some god of Javan" (for so the Sidonians called the Achæans), "and wilt thou deign to taste our sacrifice? Is not the savour sweet in the nostrils of my lord? Why will he not put forth his hand to touch our offering?"

Then the heart of Odysseus muttered sullenly within him, in wrath at the insolence of the man. But he constrained himself and smiled, and said:

"Wilt thou not bring the mess a very little nearer, my friend, that I may smell the sweet incense of the sacrifice?"

They were amazed when they heard him speak in their own tongue; but he who held the dish brought it nearer, like a man that angers a dog, now offering the meat, and now taking it away.

So soon as the man was within reach, the Wanderer sprang out, the loosened bonds falling at his feet, and smote the sailor beneath the ear with his clenched fist. The blow was so fierce, for all his anger went into it, that it crushed the bone, and drove the man against the mast of the ship so that the strong mast shook. Where he fell, there he lay, his feet kicking the floor of the hold in his death-pain.

Then the Wanderer snatched from the mast his bow and his short sword, slung the quiver about his shoulders, and ran on to the raised decking of the prow.

The bulwarks of the deck were high, and the vessel was narrow, and before the sailors could stir for amazement the Wanderer had taken his stand behind the little altar and the dwarf-gods. Here he stood with an arrow on the string, and the bow drawn to his ear, looking about him terribly.

Now panic and dread came on the Sidonians when they saw him standing thus, and one of the sailors cried:

"Alas! what god have we taken and bound? Our ship may not contain him. Surely he is Resef Mikal, the God of the Bow, whom they of Javan call

Apollo. Nay, let us land him on the isle and come not to blows with him, but entreat his mercy, lest he rouse the waves and the winds against us."

But the captain of the ship of the Sidonians cried :

"Not so, ye knaves ! Have at him, for he is no god, but a mortal man ; and his armour is worth many a yoke of oxen !"

Then he bade some of them climb the decking at the further end of the ship, and throw spears at him thence ; and he called others to bring up one of the long spears and charge him with that. Now these were huge pikes, that were wielded by five or six men at once, and no armour could withstand them ; they were used in the fights to drive back boarders, and to ward off attacks on ships which were beached on shore in the sieges of towns.

The men whom the captain appointed little liked the task, for the long spears were laid on tressels along the bulwarks, and to reach them and unship them it was needful to come within range of the bow. But the sailors on the further deck threw all their spears at once, while five men leaped on the deck where the Wanderer stood. He loosed the bowstring and the shaft sped on its way ; again he drew and loosed, and now two of them had fallen beneath his arrows, and one was struck by a chance blow from a spear thrown from the further deck, and the other two leaped back into the hold.

Then the Wanderer shouted from the high decking of the prow in the speech of the Sidonians :

"Ye dogs, ye have sailed on your latest sea faring, and never again shall ye bring the day of slavery on any man."

So he cried, and the sailors gathered together in the hold, and took counsel how they should deal with him. But meanwhile the bow was not silent, and of those on the hinder deck who were casting spears, one dropped and the others quickly fled to their fellows below, for on the deck they had no cover.

The sun was now well risen, and shone on the Wanderer's golden mail, as he stood alone on the decking, with his bow drawn. The sun shone, there was silence, the ship swung to her anchor ; and still he waited, looking down, his arrow pointed at the level of the deck to shoot at the first head which rose above the planking. Suddenly there came a rush of men on to the further decking, and certain of them tore the shields that lined the bulwarks from their pins, and threw them down to those who were below, while others cast a shower of spears at the Wanderer. Some of the spears he avoided ; others leaped back from his mail; others stood fast in the altar and in the bodies of the dwarf-gods ; while he answered with an arrow that did not miss its aim. But his eyes were always watching most keenly the hatches nearest him, whence a gangway ran down to the lower part of the ship, where the oarsmen sat ; for only thence could they make a rush on him. As he watched and drew an arrow from the quiver on his shoulder, he felt, as it were, a shadow between him and the deck. He glanced up quickly, and there, on the yard above his head, a man, who had climbed the mast from behind, was creeping down to drop on him from above. Then the Wanderer snatched a short spear and cast it at the man. The spear sped quicker than a thought, and pinned his two hands to the yard so that he hung there helpless, shrieking to his friends. But the arrows of the Wanderer kept raining on the men who stood on the further deck, and presently some of them, too, leaped down in terror, crying that he was a god and not a man, while others threw themselves into the sea, and swam for the island.

Then the Wanderer himself waited no longer, seeing them all amazed, but he